

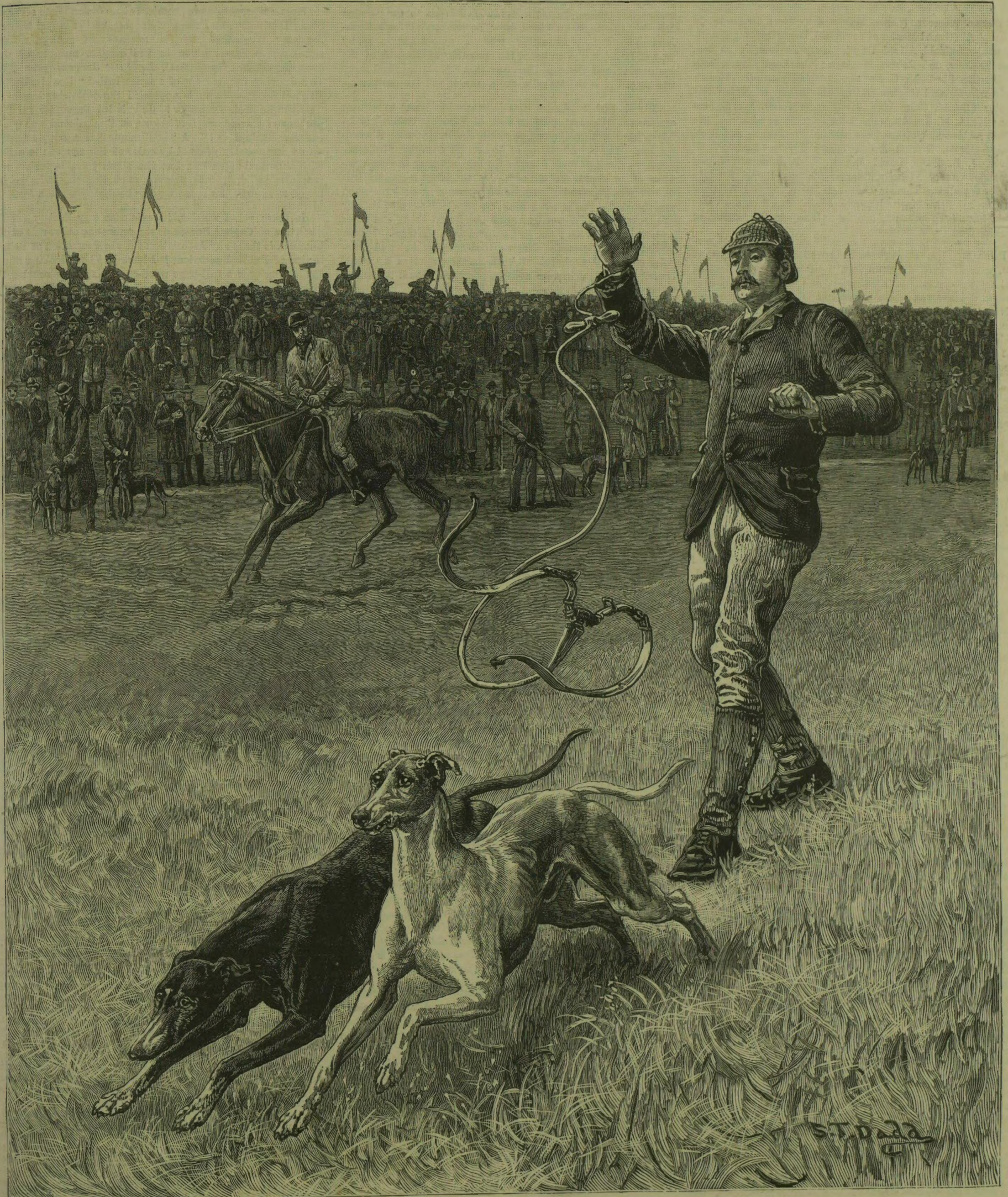
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COURSING: SLIPPING THE GREYHOUNDS.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The grandest Masonic "function" that it has ever been my lot to witness took place in the Grand Saloon of Drury-Lane Theatre, on Feb. 8. To be sure, prior to last Tuesday, something like four-and-twenty years have passed by since I last set foot in a Masonic Lodge; but it is never too late to mend, and I am anxious to amend my ways in connection with Masonry. So I began the process of amendment on Feb. 8 as a visitor to the Drury-Lane Lodge, and a deeply interested spectator of the installation as Worshipful Master for the ensuing year of Bro. Augustus Harris; the ceremony being performed by the outgoing W. M., Bro. Lord Londesborough, impressively assisted by that long-experienced and most erudite Mason Mr. Joseph Charles Parkinson, whose remarkable rhetorical gifts were most felicitously displayed both in the Lodge and at the subsequent banquet at Freemasons' Tavern, which was attended by nearly three hundred brethren.

An idea may be formed of the quality of the company and the influence of Masonry in bringing together all sorts and conditions of men in genial and fraternal companionship, when I state that among the brethren present at the installation were the Earl of Lathom (Deputy Grand Master of England), the Duke of Abercorn (Grand Master of Ireland), Sir Archibald C. Campbell (Grand Master of Scotland), Lords Onslow, Mount-Edgumbe, Suffield, Alfred Paget, Henry Thynne, Pollington, John Taylour, and Robert Montagu; the Lord Mayor, both the Sheriffs, Sir John Gorst, Sir Oscar Clayton, Dr. Morell-Mackenzie, Colonel Hughes-Hallett, the Bishop of New Westminster (British Columbia), Sir Horace Jones, Sir Somers Vane; Mr. A. M. Broadley (the indefatigable secretary of the Lodge); Aldermen Staples, Truscott, and Waterlow; and Bros. Burdett-Coutts, Robson, Roose, Henry Irving, Rudolph G. Glover, J. L. Toole, David James, S. B. Bancroft, James Fernandez, Harry Nicholls, Charles Dickens, Lionel Brough, Charles Wyndham, Thomas Thorne, William Rignold, Wilhelm Ganz, and William Howard Russell, LL.D. Bro. Edmund Yates would have been present, but he is temporarily "drinking sunshine" on the Riviera.

Peers, members of Parliament, barristers, doctors, clergymen, actors, journalists, architects, musicians, men of letters, civil servants, municipal dignitaries, and county magnates—if these did not constitute a gathering thoroughly representative of English society, I have surely lost all faculty of perception. Stay. I will not be quite certain on the subject, the hall was so large and the crowd was so great; but I fancy that brethren of the artistic profession were somewhat conspicuous by their absence. They should have come in force; for the spectacle in Lodge was not only imposing, but magnificently picturesque, the distinguished members of the Masonic hierarchy present being resplendent with gold and jewelled badges and decorations.

The Crystal Palace seems to be in a very bad way, financially speaking; and Major Flood-Page has written to the *Times*, plainly and almost pathetically pointing out that if something be not done, and that speedily, to place the affairs of Paxton's House of Glass on a fresh and sound commercial basis, the closure of the Palace will be inevitable. Would you like to see this Wonder of the World sold by auction, to be ultimately, perhaps, pulled down and its site parcelled out in building lots? To that melancholy complexion must the Palace and gardens come if the "something" for which Major Flood-Page so piteously pleads be not done. But what can be done to save a splendid undertaking from ruinous collapse? It has been suggested that the debenture-holders should consent to the cutting of their coupons, and accept a lower rate of interest than they have hitherto received. Then more stock might be taken by public-spirited shareholders willing to allow their dividends to accumulate in the company's hands until better times arrive. Finally, an increased amount of season-tickets might be taken by the metropolitan public.

It was in the late autumn of 1853, if I remember aright, that the Distressed Compiler made one of a party who proceeded to Sydenham to inspect the then rapidly advancing work of the Crystal Palace. Douglas Jerrold, Charles Knight, Mark Lemon, and W. H. Wills were of the party. We were received by Sir Joseph Paxton and Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins. The former showed us what he was doing in the grounds, and we came away delighted, and encased up to the knees in very stiff clay; the latter delivered a brief but graphic lecture on the models of the gigantic Saurians which he was building up and in the stomach of one of which luncheon was laid. So, coming away, I wrote for *Household Words* an article called "Fairyland in 'Fifty-Four';" and in the spring of 1854 was the Sydenham fairyland duly opened. Surely Parliament, surely the Nation, should not allow this now impecunious paradise to become the prey of the Demon Builder.

Mem.: Instead of spending a great many thousands of pounds in erecting a palatial pile at South Kensington for the Imperial Institute, why not purchase the Crystal Palace, and house the Jubilee Memorial therein?

A writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, who makes merry on the subject of an incident related by a correspondent of the *Times* concerning the commander of a Cunard steam-ship, "who not only navigated his ship with safety and speed, but attended to the morals of his passengers," has evidently not been in the habit of making ocean voyages in passenger-steamers. Says the writer in the *St. James's*:—

When they came to him and told him that there were certain worldly men aboard his ship marvellously skilled in the game of poker, this skipper went into the smoking-room, harassed the passengers, and said that if there was any more gambling he should put the gamblers in irons. He would probably have been breaking the law if he had done so; but the gamblers with their guilty consciences did not know this. They slunk away abashed, and beggar-my-neighbour was the wildest game of cards played on that vessel thereafter. The *Times*' correspondent thinks that if all Captains went and did likewise there would be no more gambling in mid-ocean. But the officers may reply that their duties are quite heavy enough as it is, without attending to the morals and saving the money of grown-up persons who need not play poker unless they please, and if they lose at that fascinating pastime have only themselves to blame.

I have the honour to know and to have sailed with the commander (Captain Hains) who not only navigated his ship but "attended to the morals" of his passengers. Those morals he "attended to" by warning the occupants of the smoking-room that there were two professed gamblers in their midst. He was quite within his right in prohibiting further gambling; and he would have been legally justified in putting in irons any person who, by disregarding the prohibition, had acted in contravention of the discipline of the ship.

The game of poker on board any ship in which Americans are passengers is, to a traveller who does not play cards and is only desirous to smoke the pipe of peace, an unmitigated nuisance. The poker-players, almost from sunrise until the lights are put out at night, monopolise most of the tables in the smoking-room. They wrangle and curse over their play, and are a complete obstruction to anything like rational conversation. The poker nuisance is as detestably common on the Pacific as it is on the Atlantic. From Valentine's Day to the middle of March, 1885, I had the advantage of the companionship of a select circle of American gentlemen, not by any means professed gamblers, who played poker morning, noon, and night, all the way from San Francisco to Honolulu; from the Sandwich Islands to the Samoan Islands; thence to Auckland, New Zealand; and from Auckland to Sydney. Fortunately, when I came home in '86, by way of India, it was on board the magnificent steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company that I travelled; and there was no poker on the Massilia, the Shannon, and the Ballaarat.

The English musical critics dispatched to Milan to witness and record the first performance of Verdi's "Otello" at La Scala, have achieved momentous things in the way of word-coining. The correspondent of the *Times* remarks *inter alia*: "The most satisfactory features throughout were the performances of the chorus and the orchestra, the latter most excellent in the strings, although the brass is occasionally too strong, and the wood-wind is not strong enough." I suppose that by the "wood-wind" the critic means the flutes, oboes, and other instruments of wood; nor do I quarrel with the term. Milton celebrates Shakspeare's "Native wood-notes wild;" and Coleridge speaks of a chorus of birds in the covert as a "wood-choir." But may I inquire how the big drum should be defined in superfine operatic musical criticism?

Two hundred francs appears to have been a sum willingly paid for a stall at the Scala on the first night of "Otello." I remember to have paid a hundred and fifty lire for a stall at the Fenice Theatre, Venice, on the occasion of the gala performance given in honour of the visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, and Victor Emmanuel II., King of Italy. The seat which I purchased was in the very last row of the stalls, and separated by a wooden partition from the pit. Shortly before the rising of the curtain I felt a tap on my shoulder; and, turning round, recognised an acquaintance, with whom I had travelled from Milan to Venice. He was an Englishman, an engineer, if I remember aright, in charge of the Milanese Gasworks. "Pretty comfortable?" asked my friend on the other side of the partition. "We are jolly well squeezed here; but, on the whole, I'm tol-lol. I paid my nine-pence, and came in with the crush." The pit was not reserved and the cautious engineer had obtained admission at the customary price of one lire.

I would that I were a contractor, instead of a Distressed Compiler. Why? Because I have a passionate love for antiquities, be they old marbles, old bronzes, or old jewelry; and I cannot afford to pay the prices which the dealers ask for veritable relics of ancient art. Now I read, in the public journals, that the Board of Trade have received from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs a despatch from her Majesty's Consul at Rome, inclosing a memorandum in regard to tenders for the construction of certain works in connection with the embankment of the river Tiber, together with copies of a printed notice on the subject which has been issued by the Italian Government. The estimated cost of the works is about half a million sterling, and the tenders are to be opened on the 16th inst. Now, here is a chance for a contractor who is likewise a collector. What treasures of art—statues, busts, fragments of columns, bas-reliefs, coins, altars, and all manner of antiquities may there not have been buried, for centuries, in the Tiber's muddy banks? When the Huns and the Abares, the Goths the Ostrogoths and the Visigoths, were successively occupied in knocking the Imperial City of Rome to pieces, they must have flung an immense number of works of plastic art into the Tiber. The excavation of the bed thereof has been proposed over and over again; but the embankment works should also yield a rich "find" of curios. I hope that the Italian Government has not been so cruel as to make it one of the conditions of tender that any examples of antique sculpture which may turn up are to be considered the property of the Government, and of no one else. In that case, and it is a very likely one, I should not care about being a contractor.

One of the most curious additions to—what shall one call it? Well, perhaps, comparative cosmopolitan philology would be the term most suitable—is the recently published "Londinismen: Slang und Cant. Alphabetisch-geordnete Sammlung der eigenartigen Ausdrucksweisen der Londoner Volkssprache," by Herr Heinrich Baumann, Master of Arts of the London University, Head Master of the Anglo-German School, and President of the German Teachers' Association. The book is a monument of patient, thoughtful, observant erudition and deals with almost every known variety of London slang. The existing generation have almost forgotten "Jerry Juniper's Chant," in that most melodramatic romance, "Rookwood"; but Herr Baumann has got "Nix my Dolly, pals, fake away!" at his fingers' end; and with equal gusto likewise quotes the slang ditty beginning—

Rum coves that relieve us
Of chinkers and pieces
Is gin'rally lagged,
Or, wuss luck I git scragged.

From thieves' slang to the latest *argot* of lawn-tennis, Herr Baumann shows himself equally expert. He falls into the error, however, of occasionally quoting, as slang, words that are either provincial, archaic, or Scottish. "Breeks," for example, is the legitimate North British equivalent for the English "breeches," which he properly translates as "hosen." Again, "there is something brewing" (*da ist etwas im Gange*) is not slang, but a figure of speech which any person of culture, male or female, might use. Nor is "bubble and squeak" (*gewärmtes Gemüse mit Kartoffeln*) a slang term for a dish of warmed-up beef and vegetables. It is a colloquialism, and no more slangy than "toad in the hole" or "dog in a blanket." "Spotted covey" is, indeed, slang for boiled suet pudding with plums in it; but Herr Baumann does not cite "spotted covey," although he tells us that "spotted donkey" should be rendered as "reichlich mit Korinten." I do not know pudding under the name of "spotted donkey." In the neighbourhood of the historic pudding shops of Long Acre the appetising viand so much affected by little David Copperfield is always spoken of as "covey." But there are spots on the sun, as well as plums in suet puddings, and Herr Baumann's book is a most interesting and valuable one.

Mem.: The public are promised at no distant date a French Slang Dictionary, by Professor Barrère, of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Of the necessity of such a work a significant proof is given in the current number of that diverting French periodical, *Le Petit Journal pour Rire*. To a drawing forming one of a series, called "Nos Marins," by M. Paul Leonnet, there is appended the following legend:—"En v'là un drôle de major! Je vais lui demander s'il n'y a pas moyen d'avoir une *boulimique*, et il m'a répondu que j'n'ai pas une boule à ça!" A "*boulimique*" is a supplementary ration occasionally granted by order of the surgeon to sailors with abnormal appetites; but the slang term is such a very recondite one, even to French landsmen, that the artist has felt bound to explain the meaning of "*boulimique*" in a footnote.

Is there yet, I wonder, in existence any Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment; or, on the other side of the Channel, is there any Association for the Promotion of Private in lieu of Public Executions? I have just been looking at and shuddering over a full-page wood-engraving representing the execution on the Place d'Armes of Romorantin of a wretched woman named Thomas, who, with the assistance of her husband and her two brothers, lately murdered her aged and infirm mother by burning her to death. The two brothers were sentenced, one to penal servitude for life and the other to twenty years of the same penalty. The woman Thomas and her husband were condemned to death. For a wonder, the merciful President Grévy allowed the sentence to be carried out.

The woman was executed first. In the centre of the picture of which I have spoken you see the guillotine rising—tall, ghastly, and hideous—from the snow-covered ground; the knife suspended, the executioner's assistant waiting to let loose the horrible blade; and, by the side of the instrument of death, the long wicker basket into which the decollated corpse is to be packed. Every window of the houses surrounding the place is filled with spectators; and behind a hedge of troops of the line, drawn up opposite the Hôtel de Ville, surges an enormous crowd.

Towards the guillotine marches a dreadful procession: first the executioner, who has his back to the gibbet, and seems to be encouraging the half-fainting victim. She, clad in a single garment of white, her feet bare, and her head shrouded in a veil of black calico, is being, not supported, but literally carried in the arms of one of the prison warders. By her side walks a priest who holds up a crucifix before her. But how can she see it through that thick sable veil? Another warder brings up the rear, to relieve his comrade, I suppose, should his burden prove too grievous.

This picture, as I have said, made me shudder, and I will tell you why. I have only seen two criminals guillotined; but in the bygone I have had to witness the public hanging of twelve male and female murderers, beginning, if I remember aright, with the Mannings, who were done to death on the top of the gate of Horsemonger-lane Jail, now happily demolished; finally, with Mr. Edmund Yates and Mr. J. C. Parkinson, I witnessed in 1867 the first private execution which has taken place in modern England. It was in one of the yards of Maidstone Jail; and the murderer hanged was a wretched young railway porter, who, in a fit of passion, had shot one of his superior officers at Dover. The condemned murderer was a mere lad; he collapsed in the condemned cell before Calcraft had finished the pinioning process; pannikin after pannikin of brandy and water had to be administered to the swooning wretch before he had regained strength enough to be led, shambling and staggering between two warders, to the gallows.

There is an eighteenth-century tract—a satirical tract—lashing the vices and follies of the time, entitled "The Centaur not Fabulous." Nor, to judge from a communication with which I have been favoured by "V. O." (Constantinople), is the unicorn quite so fabulous as he is ordinarily supposed to be. Nor is he quite an extinct animal. My correspondent informs me that in a range of hills in Bithynia, not thirty miles from Stamboul, there exists, or did exist up to a very few years ago, a race of deer, of very large size, the stags having a single straight horn growing from the centre of the forehead, just below the level of the ears. This unicorn is called by the natives "*sergerdân kéik*,"—muddle-headed stag. My correspondent has never seen a "muddle-headed stag," but he is acquainted with two perfectly trustworthy persons who have seen and hunted the animal, and he adds that an English resident of Constantinople, a keen sportsman, has offered a large reward to anyone who will shoot and bring him down a specimen of the "*sergerdân kéik*."

A member of the "House of Laymen"—what is the "House of Laymen"?—is it a fifth wheel added to the historically slow coach of Convocation?—has called attention to the state of the law with reference to "criminous clerks," and recommends the establishment of a common-sense tribunal, by which "erring clergymen" could be tried inexpensively and in a summary manner. By all means; but error is one thing and criminousness another. He who is "criminous" must be desperately, heinously, incorrigibly wicked: an "erring clergyman" need not be so bad as that.

G. A. S.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Lords have dropped the Commons a timely reminder that Parliament meets to legislate as well as to talk. Among the more or less useful measures introduced into the Upper Chamber whilst the debate on the Address has been inordinately prolonged in the Lower House have been the Lord Chancellor's Bill to Amend the Appellate Jurisdiction Act, Lord Hobhouse's Bill to Amend the Copyhold Acts and Facilitate the Enfranchisement of Copyholds, Lord Cranbrook's Pluralities Act Amendment Bill, Lord Thurlow's Bill to Amend the 1882 Electric-Lighting Act, Lord Halsbury's Lunacy Acts Amendment Bill and Bill to Codify the Lunacy Laws (both read the second time on Monday), and the Ministerial Bill to Facilitate the Sale of Glebe Lands in England.

Lord Cross, in asking their Lordships on Tuesday to read the last-named Glebe-land Bill the first time, transgressed against a custom of the Upper House in describing the measure at that stage. At least, Earl Granville, in blandly complimenting the noble Viscount on his career in another House, with lofty suavity rebuked him for breaking a rule of the exalted sanctuary to which he had been vouchsafed admission. Possibly agreeing with the satiric aphorism that nothing affords us so much pleasure as the discomfiture of our best friends, the Marquis of Salisbury appeared not altogether sorry to agree, in a sense, with Lord Granville's airy criticism of the Secretary for India. Those interested in the physical appearance of statesmen may like to know that the beard of the noble Marquis seems to grow bushier and bushier in proportion to the probable increase in the burdens of the dual part he plays, that of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, and that the habit grows on him of impatiently drumming the floor with his feet while awaiting his opportunity to answer a speaker.

The Earl of Erne (of whom a Portrait appeared last week) afforded proof on Monday that he is as capable of independent criticism as he was equal to the function of uttering amiable compliments in moving the Address. In asking the Government to explain why the sword-bayonets came to bend at Devonport, Lord Erne made himself the mouthpiece of the public, who are growing naturally anxious at the prevalence of such reports. Lord Harris's explanation was so far satisfactory that he was enabled to authoritatively assure the noble Earl that the swords had bent because they had been submitted to a much stronger and more trying test than usual. The Admiralty and War Office will indubitably see to it that our weapons of war are equal to the ordinary strain of battle.

The House of Commons has hardly seemed itself since Mr. Gladstone left for another temporary sojourn at Hawarden, and since Lord Randolph Churchill departed for the sunnier clime of Algiers. The front Opposition bench presents its accustomed anomaly. Albeit the Marquis of Hartington and Sir Henry James (as proved to demonstration by their firm and explicit "Unionist" speeches respectively at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 2nd inst., and at Manchester on the 5th inst.) still have their colours nailed to the mast, and steadfastly support Lord Salisbury's Government in their resistance of Home Rule for Ireland, they tenaciously cling with Mr. Chamberlain (prone as he is to "Round Table Conferences") to their seats on the bench occupied, by prescriptive right, by the Leaders of the Opposition. Still, I am not so sure these differences of opinion have not lessened friendship among the Gladstonian and "Unionist" Liberals who yet sit close together.

Mr. W. H. Smith continues to bear with Pickwickian serenity the protracted process of letting off steam by the inveterate controversialists of the House. The new Leader of the House may inwardly sigh for the starting of the legislative engine; but, if so, he disguises his feelings admirably. Take the common-sense bearing of the right hon. gentleman on the 4th inst., when Mr. W. R. Cremer, the working-man member for the Haggerston division of Shoreditch, moved his amendment in favour of withdrawing the British troops "bag and baggage" at once from Egypt. Sir Wilfred Lawson so far infused his "spirit of gay wisdom" into the discussion that he sought to make Mr. Goschen the scapegoat for the blunder of our military occupation of Egypt. Now, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has more than once defended himself from the attacks made on him on the score of his visit to Egypt as a kind of ambassador of finance. Mr. Goschen being still unelected for St. George's, Hanover-square, yesterday week, could not be in his place to refute the renewed charges. But Mr. Goschen found able advocates in Sir James Fergusson (Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs) and in Mr. W. H. Smith. Neatly reminding Mr. Bryce at the outset that the late Government were actually responsible for the disturbances in Egypt, Mr. Smith defined the position of the Ministry as having inherited certain engagements, which they were in duty bound to carry out in Egypt. We must remain there till order is completely restored, and till Egypt be able to rely on her own Constitution and executive. Once again Mr. Smith cleared Mr. Goschen from the aspersions cast upon him. Ministerial cheers proclaimed the satisfactory nature of Mr. Smith's clear statement. Then an amendment of Mr. Illingworth's, to the effect that Egypt should be evacuated "in the near future," was rejected by a majority of 120; and Mr. Cremer's plea for "immediate" withdrawal was negatived by the increased majority of 166. The general belief is, obviously, that confusion would only be worse confounded by the sudden abandonment of Egypt.

Mr. Parnell's long illness has manifestly impaired his strength, but it has not lessened one whit the earnestness of his championship of Home Rule. The speech in which the quiet and self-contained, light-bearded young Irish leader of the Irish Nationalists commended his amendment to the attention of the Government was blemished by a reference to the dynamite scare under which Parliament lived for some Sessions. But his palliation of the "Plan of Campaign" on the grounds that Sir Michael Hicks Beach had likewise exercised pressure upon Irish landlords to persuade them to reduce rents did but echo the sentiments to which Mr. Gladstone gave expression. Mr. Parnell closed with an appeal couched pretty much in the same language as the vital part of his amendment, namely:—

That the remedy for the existing crisis in Irish agrarian affairs is not to be found in increased stringency of criminal procedure, or in the pursuit of such novel, doubtful, and unconstitutional measures as have recently been taken by her Majesty's Government in Ireland, but in such a reform of the law and the system of government as will satisfy the needs and secure the confidence of the Irish people.

The Attorney-General for Ireland answered that the present unfortunate condition of Ireland was not due so much to the rejection last Session of Mr. Parnell's rent-remission bill as to the action of the hon. member's colleagues since. With characteristic candour, Mr. John Dillon, his pallor all the more noticeable from the jet blackness of his beard, warmly retorted that the address of Mr. Holmes might have been fitly reserved for the prosecution of himself in the pending action against himself and friends. But from the region of personalities the debate was lifted on Tuesday by Mr. John Morley, who, in the presence of a full House, eloquently and forcibly justified the humanity of the policy of Gladstonian Liberals

towards Ireland, and declared his intention of voting with Mr. Parnell. It devolved upon the Solicitor-General for Ireland to defend the Ministry against a host of other assailants, including Sir E. Grey (in a promising maiden speech), and Mr. Jacob Bright, the last word for the night falling to Mr. Parnell's exceedingly able lieutenant, Mr. T. P. O'Connor. But if the Irish problem is to be solved satisfactorily there must be mutual concession.

The House will miss Mr. Peter Rylands. This staunch supporter of Lord Hartington in the cause of the Union expired on Tuesday, at his residence near Warrington. In his coming economical campaign, Lord Randolph Churchill would have had no henchman more enthusiastic than Mr. Rylands, had the genial member for Burnley but lived to continue his crusade against Ministerial extravagance.

THE COURT.

Admiral Sir George Wiles, K.C.B., and Lieutenant-General Sir George Willis, K.C.B., arrived at Osborne on Friday, last week, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, last Saturday, went to Portsmouth on board her Majesty's yacht *Alberta* (Captain Fullerton, A.D.C.), and were present at a tournament in aid of the funds for the Portsmouth Female Hospital and the Volunteer building fund. Their Royal Highnesses honoured Lieutenant-General Sir George and Lady Willis with their presence at luncheon, and returned to Osborne in the afternoon. The Rev. Canon Duckworth, D.D., and Captain Walter Campbell, Groom-in-Waiting to her Majesty, arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The band of the 1st Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps played a selection of music during the evening, under the direction of Mr. F. Tyler, bandmaster. Her Majesty and the Royal family, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning, the Rev. Canon Duckworth officiating. On Monday morning the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Frederica, and Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, and met the 1st Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, under the command of Colonel Terry, on the march, near Alverstone. The battalion then proceeded through the grounds at Osborne, and marched past the Queen, her Majesty again seeing the battalion on their way back. Prince Henry of Battenberg accompanied the Queen on horseback, and Major-General Sir John McNeill, K.C.B., V.C., was in attendance as Equerry in Waiting. Princess Frederica, attended by Countess Bremer, took leave of the Queen on her return to Hampton Court. Saturday, May 14, has been fixed as the date of the Queen's visit to Birmingham to lay the foundation-stone of the new Law Courts. It is stated that the Queen will leave England in the spring on a visit to Aix-les-Bains, where she is expected to stay a few weeks. Her Majesty will reside in the Villa Mottet.

We are authorised to state that the Queen will hold Drawingrooms at Buckingham Palace on Thursday, March 3, and Friday, March 18; and that the Prince of Wales will, on her Majesty's behalf, hold Levées at St. James's Palace on Tuesday, March 1, and Friday, March 11.

The Prince of Wales presided yesterday week at a meeting of the council of his Royal Highness, held at the office of the Duchy of Cornwall, Buckingham-gate. In the evening the Prince, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, was present at the second Royal Amateur Orchestral Society's concert at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The Duke of Teck, Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck), and Prince Adolphus and Princess Victoria of Teck visited the Prince and Princess last Saturday, and remained to luncheon. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, were present at Divine service; and in the evening his Royal Highness, attended by Colonel Clarke, left Marlborough House for Paris, en route for Cannes. The Prince has, with the full concurrence of the Archbishop of York, added his Grace's name to the organising committee of the Imperial Institute. The Princess left Marlborough House, on Monday afternoon, for Sandringham, Miss Knollys and Lieutenant-General Sir Dighton Probyn being in attendance. Prince Albert Victor, attended by Captain the Hon. A. Greville, also left Marlborough House last Monday, on a visit to Lord and Lady Chesham at Stratton Audley, Bicester. He was present at the meet of the Bicester Hounds, at Middleton Park, on Tuesday, when there was a very large field, and good sport was obtained.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Lady Londonderry, accompanied by Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Duchess of Marlborough, were present, yesterday week, at a bazaar in Dublin for the benefit of ladies impoverished by the Irish land agitation. The first Drawingroom of the Marchioness of Londonderry, held at Dublin Castle, was the best attended of any for the past ten years. There were over 1300 ladies and gentlemen present.

Sir Gerald Codrington, Bart., and the Hon. Edith Henrietta Sybil Denison, daughter of Lord and Lady Lonsborough, were married, on the 3rd inst., at St. Andrew's, Wells-street.—The marriage of Mr. George Wyndham, Coldstream Guards, eldest son of the Hon. Percy S. Wyndham, and the Countess Grosvenor was solemnised by special license, in the private chapel at Eaton, on Monday morning.

The state apartments of Windsor Castle are closed until further orders.

Lord Clinton has been offered the Lord Lieutenancy of Devonshire, in place of the late Earl of Iddesleigh.

The Court of Common Council have resolved to place a bust of Lord Iddesleigh in Guildhall.

The Ven. Archdeacon Groome has resigned the Archdeaconry of Suffolk, which he has held since 1869.

The States of Jersey have passed a measure to enable landlords to evict refractory tenants.

The public celebration of the Queen's Jubilee is to be held on Monday, June 20, the day fixed for the Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey, which her Majesty will attend.

Mr. Wemyss has announced his intention to resign the mastership of the Burton Hunt at the close of the present season.

On the recommendation of the Bishop of London, the Duke of Devonshire has appointed the Rev. C. Lloyd Engström, M.A. (secretary of the Christian Evidence Society and Rector of St. Mildred's, Bread-street), Boyle Lecturer for 1887.

A large number of trading firms having applied to have the word "Jubilee" registered as a trade-mark, the matter was brought before Mr. Justice Chitty, who decided against the claimants.

Through the kindness of an anonymous donor, the "Reformed Church of England" (of which Bishop Gregg, of Southend, is Senior Bishop) has recently had a gift of over £2000 for a special department of its work in Canada.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

There has recently been started an animated controversy as to the value, "pro" and "con," of farcical comedy; and it has been slyly insinuated that it is the fault of criticism, or a certain indifference on the part of those selected to comment on our passing plays, that accounts for the preference of Pinero to Sheridan Knowles, or Gilbert to Bulwer Lytton. Certain enthusiasts are all in a ferment because the people, with the traditional wilfulness of the people, are inclined just now to laugh rather than to cry, and to be exaggerated in this form of folly instead of being excessive in their love of sentiment. Some put the ascendancy of what they call depraved taste down to the managers; others to the critics; others to some recondite influence that is often hinted at but never explained. This kind of wail has been going on ever since the drama existed. It is interesting so far as this, but no farther, in that it generally denotes a reaction against some special idiosyncrasy in which the public has been wont to indulge. The truth is that managers and critics are as powerless in forming taste as the man in the moon. They can guide taste, but they cannot and dare not be dogmatic on the subject of the kind of play that the public demands. A manager who would obstinately play Shakspeare when Shakspeare was not wanted would have the mortification of seeing a beggarly array of empty boxes; the critic who would uphold the poetical and romantic drama to the exclusion and detestation of any other form of amusement would not be listened to. All that we can do is to hope for better times, to look forward to some reaction that will give us audiences bold enough to encourage literature on the stage, and then, but not before, we shall see a new state of things. But the reform must come from within, and not from without. I tried to point out last week that it was the public, and not Mr. Pinero, that forced him to abandon his "Squires" and "Rectors," *et hoc genus omne*, for his "Hobby Horses" and "Dandy Dicks." There is scarcely a low comedian living who does not secretly in his heart long to play Hamlet; there is scarcely a tragedian who does not fancy himself in low comedy; and, if they were to be asked, there is little doubt that Pinero and Gilbert long to rival Victor Hugo in the romantic and poetical drama. When the taste changes, there will be plenty of pens ready to supply the taste; but as matters stand—unfortunately, as I, personally, think—the general bulk of our playgoers prefer irreverent farce to serious poetry. It is heresy, as I am very well aware, to consider Sheridan Knowles an overrated dramatist, and the vast majority of his plays verbose twaddle. The play-going world that preceded mine swore by Sheridan Knowles. As a stage poet, in my humble opinion, he could not hold a candle to W. G. Wills, or Herman Merivale, or many more of our time I could name; but, if the public does not hold out a helping hand to our modern poets and romantic writers, if they make the author of "The White Pilgrim" turn his attention to "The Butler," if they drive men like Wills into the ranks of farcical comedy writers, is it possible to believe that there will be a rush on "The Wife," or "Love," or "John of Procida"—plays that have isolated passages of telling stage rhetoric, but are as wholly out of keeping with the tastes and tendernesses of the age as short waists, sandals, poke bonnets, or tight-fitting pantaloons?

Miss Kate Vaughan, at the Opéra Comique, has shown an earnest endeavour to play "The Rivals" with care and propriety, and to treat Sheridan to the full honours of modern mounting and stage management. But however laudable her intention, she, and others like her, have to fight with the transparent difficulty of playing Sheridan by means of artists who have been trained to and suckled on light modern work. Old comedies cannot be played by those who have not studied or who do not study old manners. Our younger players know as little about the "style" required for Sheridan as young students do about the scholarship on which their forefathers prided themselves. Repeating the mere words of classical plays may be half the battle; but it is not all. The old Haymarket under Buckstone was the last house where old English plays were really well done. The attempts very laudably made at the Prince of Wales and St. James's (under Mrs. John Wood) were creditable, but not wholly sufficient. Mr. William Farren is about the last of the old Haymarket company virtually driven out and extinguished by the volatile, versatile, and modern Sothern. At the sight of Lord Dundreary the classical dramatists had to collapse, just as Pinero the wag has ousted Pinero the philosopher. When a school of acting has been established, we shall get plays in harmony with that school; but even the youngest playgoer can tell when there is a false note in Sheridan or Goldsmith. False quantities and faulty reading are not permitted in well-known pieces by Handel or Beethoven; but they are passed by force of necessity in plays from Shakspeare downwards in these days, when scarcely an actor has a chance of learning how to wear a velvet coat or to carry a sword.

At the present moment the theatrical market seems a little dull and depressed, and all we see in the immediate future of any interest is the revival of "Lady Clancarty" at the St. James's; the production of a new comic opera at the Comedy; new plays by Robert Buchanan, Henry Arthur Jones, and Sir Charles Young, at our best comedy theatres; an Easter play by Mr. H. Herman and Rev. Freeman Wills at the Olympic; and the long-promised "Theodora" at the Princess's, when Miss Grace Hawthorne comes into her new property. C. S.

In taking the place of the Compton Comedy Company at the Strand Theatre on Monday, Miss Fanny Leslie's troupe introduced to a London audience a novel kind of drama in "Jack-in-the-Box," which has enjoyed a prosperous run of over a twelvemonth in the provinces. Miss Fanny Leslie herself is the life and soul of this comical and melodramatic *mélange*, the joint authors of which are Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Clement Scott, whose reputation guarantees the merit of the sprightly play. A wonderfully dextrous dancer; a vocalist who can accompany her sympathetically sung "Head Over Heels" with a "catherine wheel" as neat as the most nimble City Arab could accomplish; and a handy lad of marvellous resource generally, Miss Fanny Leslie as Jack Merryweather keeps the game alive right merrily in "Jack-in-the-Box." She contrives, into the bargain, to unmask a scoundrelly Italian padrone (whose savage lashing of a child in his power has by this time been omitted from the performance, it is to be hoped), and bring home to him a murder which he charges one Edward Moreland with having committed. Thus, we have a "Variety Show" and a strong drama combined. The most bustling scene is Norwood Fair, in which much laughter is occasioned by the rough badinage of rival showmen. Miss Fanny Leslie finds efficient supporters in Miss Sallie Turner, Miss Florence West, Miss Amy McNeill, Mr. John Beauchamp, Mr. Yorke Stephens, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. J. A. Arnold, Mr. Harry Parker, and Mr. Cecil Ward. The "curtain raiser" is a new and neatly-written comedietta, "By Special Request," from the pen of Mr. T. Malcolm Watson.



CAPTAIN W. N. M'RAE,
45TH SIKH REGIMENT (RATTRAY'S), PUNJAB.



CAPTAIN H. R. C. HOLMES,
45TH SIKH REGIMENT.

OFFICERS COMMENDED BY THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY FOR SAVING LIFE IN INDIA.

HONOURS FOR SAVING LIFE.

The Royal Humane Society, at its meeting last week, presented the Stanhope gold medal, for saving life, to Captain W. N. M'Rae, of the 45th (Rattray's) Sikh Regiment, in the Punjab, for an act of bravery at Rawul-Pindee, on Oct. 5. A trumpeter of the Royal Artillery was crossing the compound of a bungalow, when he fell into a well. Captain Holmes, Captain M'Rae, and Lieutenant Taylor hastened there, and found that a rope had been lowered to the man, which was sufficient to sustain him; but only for a time. Both the Captains volunteered to go down; Captain M'Rae, being the lighter weight, was let down by a tent rope. He found the soldier insensible, and determined to try to go up with him. Captain Holmes was at the head of the rope, and hauled the two men up; the rope broke, and both fell to the bottom; but a second attempt proved more successful, and both were brought to the surface. The depth of the well was 88 ft., 12 ft. being water, and it was quite dark at the time. Captain M'Rae, who is thirty-five years of age, served in the Afghan War of 1879-80, being present at the capture of Ali Musjid, the expeditions to the Bazaar Valley, the affair at Jugdulluk, and the battle of Charasiab.

The Duke of Connaught published an official order, highly praising Captain M'Rae, and also Captain Holmes, whose great strength, assisted by Lieutenant Taylor, enabled him to haul up the two men from that depth, and who would receive a medal, like Captain M'Rae, if the Royal Society could give more than one. We present the Portraits of these two gallant officers.

The Rev. Prebendary Ingram has been instituted to the united rectory of St. Margaret, Lothbury, with St. Christopher-le-Stocks, St. Bartholomew by the Exchange, St. Olave, Old Jewry, St. Martin Pomeroy, St. Mildred, Poultry, and St. Mary Colechurch; and the Rev. William Hay Chapman to the district rectory of All Souls', St. Marylebone.

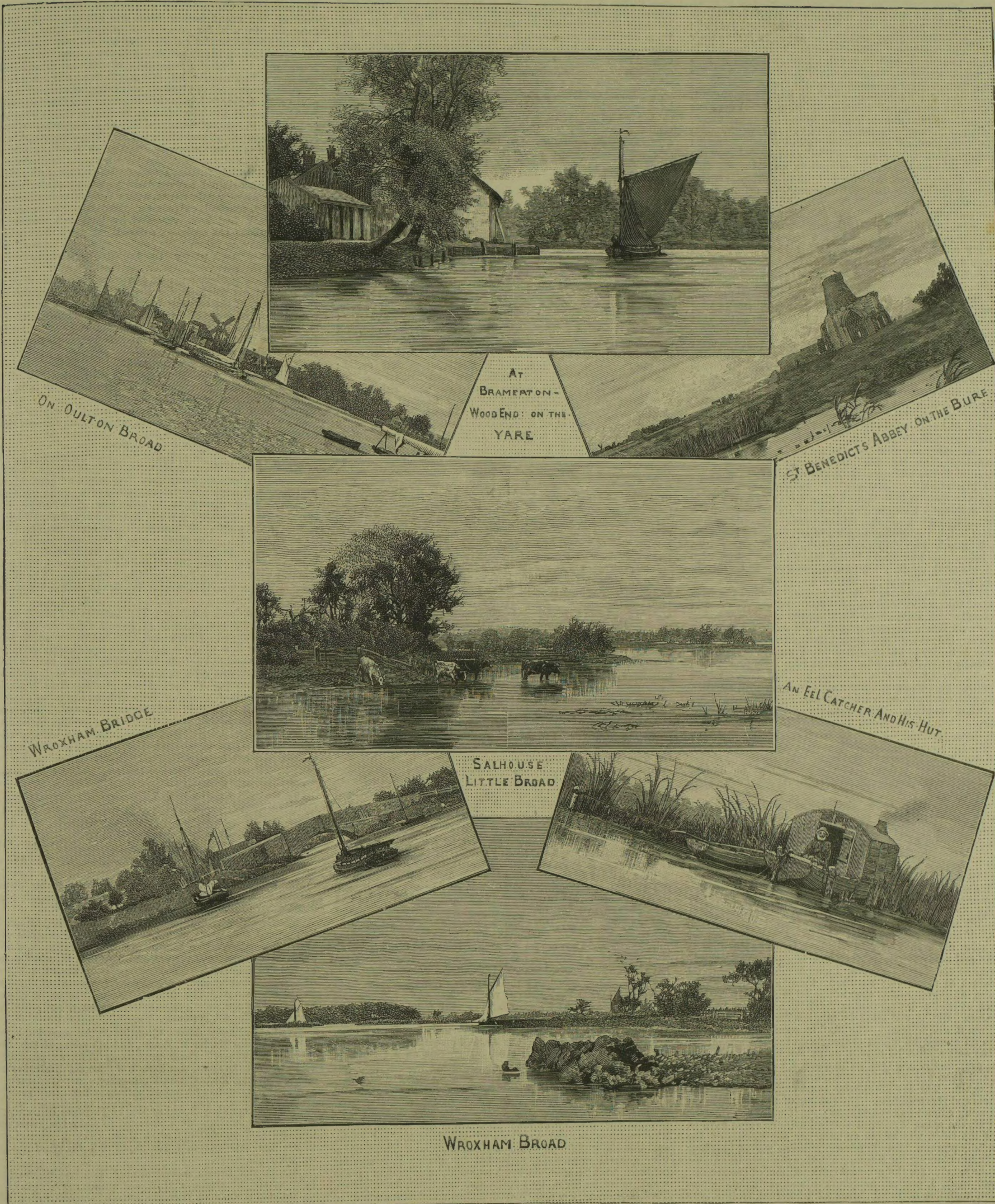
Mr. W. Simpson's lecture to the boys of Eton College, on Saturday evening, on "Illustrated Journalism," with an exhibition of sketches by him and the engravings from them published in the *Illustrated London News*, was received with much applause, and our Special Artist was deservedly complimented. Mr. G. E. Marinder, M.A., one of the masters of Eton College, presided over the boys, who had Lord Ampthill for their own president.

BLESSING CATTLE IN BULGARIA.

The Orthodox Church of Eastern Europe is represented by a class of married parish clergy who are popularly styled "Papaz" or Fathers, and who usually live on terms of more than paternal familiarity with the peasantry, belonging to the rustic population from their birth, and being not much distinguished from them in manners and habits of domestic life. Among the ecclesiastical customs of Bulgaria, and probably of other countries inhabited by nations of the Slav race, is that of the priest visiting a farmyard, at stated intervals, to pronounce a religious benediction upon the increase of the flocks and herds; the oxen and cows, the sheep, the goats, and perhaps also the swine, getting the benefit of his impartial blessing, which is read with bland solemnity from an authorised liturgy, accompanied with the gentle waving of a feathered fan, sprinkling a few drops of consecrated water, in the presence of the assembled rural household. This harmless and benevolent ritual is the subject of a Sketch by one of our Artists who has sojourned in that country, and may be regarded as an incident characteristic of the primitive simplicity of the race which has suddenly risen to much political importance.



BLESSING DOMESTIC ANIMALS, BULGARIA.



THE NORFOLK BROADS AND RIVERS.—DRAWINGS BY E. H. FAHEY, R.I.
EXHIBITED AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S ROOMS IN BOND-STREET.

Mr. Edward H. Fahey's series of sketches of the Norfolk Broads, now on view at the Fine-Art Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street), is an additional tribute to one of the most picturesque districts in England. Until quite recently it has been little known to ordinary tourists and scenery hunters; but its resources have of late been revealed by the descriptions of Mr. Christopher Davies and the brush of Miss Osborne and others. But for painters it ought to have always retained a special interest, for it is, in truth, the birthplace of English landscape art—and, we might add, of French landscape also. It was among this scenery that Crome, Starke, Vincent, and Cotman founded and supported the lustre of the Norwich school. Gainsborough passed his early years within reach of the Broads, and must have learnt, in contemplating their beauties, many of those touches which his landscapes reveal. Mr. Fahey does not present himself on this occasion as a complete novice. Those who have followed him in his career will recollect many pleasant bits of East Anglian scenery which his brush has brought vividly before our eyes. He has always had sympathy with the rich foliage, the sluggish water, and the hazy atmosphere

which are the attributes of the Broads. In the present collection, however, he has had the more definite purpose of illustrating with great completeness a wide stretch of country, and all who spend an hour in looking at these delightful sketches will be grateful to the artist for reviving pleasant memories or for indicating fresh scenes of beauty within easy reach of London. There are, it must be remembered, in East Anglia, two—if not three—totally distinct districts, each with its own special beauties; but for the painter the "Fens" and the "Marsh" have the chief attractions. The latter includes "the Broads," and to these Mr. Fahey has limited himself. The centre of the district is Wroxham, where the "water frolics," which date from many centuries, are still held, and of these there is a pleasant rendering (15), where the "wherries," with their white sails, show bright against the grey sky. A still more characteristic scene is the "Distant View of Hoveton Broad" (4), showing a glimpse of Salhouse Little Broad. "The Entrance to Wroxham Broad" (16), in a golden blaze of a summer sunset, gives an idea of the aerial effects which are to be met with nowhere else in this country. Again, in the bright colours of "Salhouse Little Broad" (18)

and in the "Ladies' Broad" (34), near Rollesby, we have glimpses of a scene which is not altogether English, but, at the same time, is not so thoroughly Dutch as the "View of Breydon Water" (23), which recalls more than one stretch of the Maas above Dordrecht. "Rollesby Broad" (38) itself, with the distant view of Hemsby Church, is a study on which Mr. Fahey has bestowed, as it well deserves, more than usual care; and we cannot pass away from "Wroxham Broad" (52) in sunlight, and again on "A Grey Day" (46), without realising how in this "flat land" the whole scene changes with the sky, and how deftly the artist shows how the same scene under cloud and sunshine can look as different as does the subject of our thoughts according as hope or despondency rules the passing hour.

In the large oil painting of "Great Yarmouth" (33) Mr. Fahey shows how carefully he has studied the Dutch school, which first brought to our knowledge the results which could be obtained on canvas by careful study of the atmosphere, and we cannot close this short notice of a delightful exhibition without recognising that the latest English follower of the good traditions of that school is an apt and intelligent disciple.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Sir Henry James must be sadly defective in a sense of humour. He announced in his speech at Manchester that he is going to bring in a bill to suppress "four hundred thousand ladies"; not to drown them in sacks, exactly, but to put an end to their "activity and influence." The Primrose League ladies it is who are to be thus banned by the ex-Attorney-General. This is ungrateful, because they and he have been on one and the same side lately. But so acutely does Sir Henry suffer from misogyny, that he would rather see the State sink beneath men's mistakes than know it saved by woman's wisdom—as the Ark had better fall than be steadied by an unhallowed touch. So he is going to frame a measure to put an end to "women's interference in politics" by means of "those social influences which are exerted in the home of the cottager and over the counter of the tradesman. If we wish to maintain the free expression of public opinion coming from men's thoughts and from men's judgment on political questions, we cannot allow these influences to continue." That is to say that "men's thoughts and men's judgment" are at the mercy of a lady's smiles; and that cottagers' and tradesmen's political conscience and patriotism are such electro-plated commodities that the acid of a Peeress's frown will dissolve them into nothingness. Well, it is not for me to do battle for the attacked; let Sir Henry James think as meanly as he may of cottagers and tradesmen, who have votes wherewith to defend themselves against him and his kind. But I do protest against his proposed bill to make all the Tory ladies deal with the Radical butchers, and the Radical ladies buy the primrose satin that Tory drapers have stocked their shelves withal; to order ladies to measure out their smiles, to sing their songs to their neighbours only after taking a solicitor's advice, and to shake hands with discretion under fear of the pains and penalties duly provided by law for ladies detected in "socially influencing men's thoughts and men's judgment."

Lady Harberton's lecture on dress reform was well attended, but there is nothing fresh to report about the subject. The Philistines observed that two of the ladies on show on the platform were garbed in precisely and identically the same dresses that they wore on the similar occasion last season; from which it was inferred that they do not habitually don those costumes elsewhere than on the platform of ostentation. The reform of clothing is, however, a matter for example to effect rather than for speechifying. We have already progressed immensely in freedom and ease of attire, so that a lady may now wear almost what she will, that is suitable for the particular occasion, and that does not make her look like a man. In Switzerland, and on the Scotch moors, ladies now wear short tweed skirts to the ankle, with stout low-heeled shoes, cloth knickerbockers, and Norfolk jackets; and no "divided" garment would add to the convenience of this costume. On the other hand, the dress reformers themselves concentrate their efforts on hiding their peculiarities of costume for ordinary wear, and would not dare walk down Regent-street in mid-season in the dress in which any lady is willing to attack the moors and mountains. Extremes in theory are the real foes of reforms in practice.

I recently referred to salad as a subject too much overlooked in the table arrangements of our country. We seldom realise the hygienic importance of questions connected with our diet, because, with the inevitable variety of the shop or of the garden, we do manage to get in ordinary housekeeping, without serious thinking, all the more essential items of food. But that fresh, uncooked, unstored vegetables and fruits are absolutely necessary for health has been shown repeatedly—as in the case of ships, in the old days of long voyages, and more recently in the Arctic regions, where scurvy decimated the crews deprived of the juices of the fresh vegetables. How is it that salad is so little used in England?

I take one reason to be that "dressing" is commonly considered essential here; said dressing being an elaborate Mayonnaise sauce, compounded, with much waste of time and labour, by beating up two egg-yolks with a pint of oil, added drop by drop, and thinned, at intervals, by the addition of vinegar. Such a sauce is by no means needed for salad; the cruet supplies all that is necessary. It is of the first importance, however, that the leaves of whatever green vegetable may be used should be perfectly dry. If they are dripping with water, which is an English cook's common notion of freshness, the oil cannot possibly cling to the leaves. Another point is that plenty of the sweetest of sweet olive oil should be used; at least twice as much oil as vinegar, and many people prefer a yet larger proportion. If you were to ask them beforehand they would say they could not endure so much oil; somehow, there appears to have grown up an absurd notion that to like oil is a gross, unrefined taste, or, at best, a distinguishing mark of a foreign taint on the palate. But if the salad be made with the proportions just given it will be found to be liked by nearly everybody.

The oil should be mixed thoroughly with the salad first, then the salt should be stirred up in the vinegar, and this poured over, and a little pepper dredged dry on the top of the salad, and then the whole very thoroughly but quite lightly mixed again. The art of mixing consists in this union of lightness and thoroughness. The tossing of the vegetables in the dressing cannot be too complete; yet if too much force be employed, the salad is crushed and ruined. In olden days in France the salad was mixed at table by the fingers of the fairest lady present. There is no more suitable way of blending the mixture than by the fingers; but this can only be advised when the salad is for the personal consumption of the artist.

Next week, I propose to give the recipes for some uncommon varieties of salad; some of which are, in fact, cold vegetable entrées, and others ornamental additions to the table. Now I need but mention those more familiar kinds, that are commonly eaten with meat, and that it is customary at the present day to serve on a separate plate (crescent shaped majolica being most fashionable) placed beside the one on which is the game, venison, or whatever the joint may be. The principal salad vegetables now available are small lettuce (the French call it *laitue*), endive (*chicorée*), beet-root, small salad (or mustard and cress), watercress (*cresson*), spring onions, and sometimes corn salad. Endive is very suitable for eating with roast partridges, or with small birds; it is mixed, as above described, with oil and vinegar, and is much improved by having placed in the bottom of the bowl a crust of bread as large as a crown-piece thoroughly rubbed with garlic. If this be well mixed up in the salad, together with the dressing, the flavour of the garlic is delicately imparted to the whole, but so slightly that it can hardly be separately discerned; in fact, it gives piquancy and no more. Small lettuce should not be too much cut up; it had better not be cut at all, unless with a silver knife, but broken with the fingers—the larger leaves into two or three pieces, the smaller only pulled apart. A few spring onions chopped should be mixed with this salad, and slices of hard-boiled egg improve it. This can be eaten with chicken, or with roast mutton, or with venison. Small salad and watercress cut up together make a good salad for partridges, pheasants, quails, snipe, and other birds. Beetroot, finely sliced, added either to the *laitue* or the *cresson* salads, makes excellent eating with roast or boiled turkey.—F. F. M.

RIDING FOR LADIES.

Mrs. Power O'Donoghue writes on all subjects connected with horses and their management so pleasantly and with such intimate knowledge of the minutest details, that every work from her facile pen must have interest for all lovers of the noble animal who is so often the companion of our most exhilarating pastimes. Neither women nor men, however experienced they may be in the equestrian art, can peruse without profit the pages of Mrs. O'Donoghue's latest book, which, under the title of *Riding for Ladies*, has been published by Messrs. Thacker and Co., of Newgate-street. Without going so far as to say that a diligent study of this book would render unnecessary the tuition that can only be imparted by a skilful riding-master, we can confidently assert that any pupil who reads carefully and remembers accurately every principle laid down by the author will be more than half taught in this way, and will have learned more valuable lessons than nine out of every ten masters are capable of instilling. Not the least of these lessons is the wondrous effect kindness has on a horse. Fortunately, our fair friends rarely need to have this impressed upon them, for their sympathies are always with the dumb animals, and they seem to know from earliest girlhood the subtle power of a soft sweet voice. Yet every hunting-man has been pained at seeing frequent exceptions to this rule, and when women do administer punishment, whether through wilfulness or want of thought, they are notoriously harder on horses than the so-called sterner sex. On the question whether very young girls ought to ride, Mrs. O'Donoghue expresses views that are totally at variance with the doctrines of those who believe that perfect grace and ease on horseback can only be acquired by people who have learned to ride as children. Boys may begin as early as they please and take no harm from a few spills; but a girl will, in all probability, be unnerved for life by one bad fall. The authoress also points out that girls are exceedingly apt to grow crooked, and their position on horseback tends to develop defects of this kind—unless very great care is exercised—especially if they are allowed to ride until fatigued. An obvious answer to these objections is that young children should neither be allowed to mount any but animals of the most perfect temper, nor to continue their lessons when they begin to show signs of weariness. We are, however, inclined to side with the author, and to doubt whether any advantages to be derived from early practice are worth the risks incurred by allowing girls to ride before they are in their teens. Unlike men, women who have never mounted a horse until arriving at maturity, often acquire perfect ease and skill in the saddle. Their lissom limbs, supple frames, and natural grace give them exceptional advantages in this respect. Mrs. O'Donoghue quotes many examples in support of these opinions; and it will be admitted that they are happily chosen, if not conclusive. In a chapter entitled "First Hints to a Learner," many excellent maxims are laid down; and we commend to every young lady the counsel given touching the merit of maidenly modesty and the importance of following implicitly the instructions of a good master; "for at least one half the awkward riders whose deficiencies pain our critical eyes in 'The Row' and elsewhere have learned in good schools, but have been too wilful, or too conceited, to give up their own entirely erroneous ideas on certain subjects connected with equitation." Mrs. O'Donoghue is very severe on those of her own sex who adopt eccentricities of style in order to attract attention, and cites the case of a pretty girl who, during a long ride, "never for an instant removed her left hand from her thigh, the fingers pointing in the direction of the up-pommel, causing, of course, the elbow to be shot out entirely from the side, the joint turning outwards in singularly ugly fashion," and who confessed that she had cultivated this peculiar pose because it was "so chic." Mr. Chantrey Corbould, in one of his very clever sketches, has happily hit off a fancy picture of this young lady, whose attitude may serve to remind some fair readers of their own faults; for the style so strongly condemned by Mrs. O'Donoghue has, unfortunately, many followers now-a-days. To "Ladies' Dress on Horseback" the authoress devotes considerable space, treating the subject with a delicate minuteness of detail into which we need not inquire too curiously. The chapter on "bitting" would, perhaps, have been more generally useful if technicalities had been avoided, and more practical illustrations given of the use of various bits. Mrs. O'Donoghue is, we think, a little unjust in her condemnation of a man whom she once saw in a Cheshire hunting-field riding with a "strong, wiry rope bit attached to the horns of an ordinary snaffle," which, she thinks, must have been very severe, because "the horse's mouth was bleeding at both corners," and the Empress of Austria expressed her opinion of the rider in one word—"Brute!" The chances are that this bit was improvised to cure a mouth that had been previously tortured by some more severe contrivance. We have frequently seen a rope bit used by Hungarians, among whom are some of the finest horsemen in the world; and we have used it with complete success on almost wild Arab horses that fretted against any other kind of bit. On saddling; how to sit when going at a walk, a canter, and a trot; on leaping; managing refusers; falling; the etiquette of the hunting-field; and many other subjects, Mrs. O'Donoghue discourses very charmingly, and without any ostentatious display of the knowledge she is imparting. The passages devoted to "hands," and how to hold them, are especially full of valuable suggestions. There is a very general impression, supported by much circumstantial evidence, that "hands," in the horseman's acceptance of the word, must be given by nature, and can never be acquired. That, however, is a transparent fallacy; and we venture to think that any clever girl reading what Mrs. O'Donoghue has to say on the subject, and taking careful note of the sketches, in which Mr. Corbould has delineated with marvellous accuracy the delicate finesse and flexibility that should characterise a lady's hands on horseback, will learn more than a dozen riding lessons can teach her. It would be difficult to suggest a better means of acquiring "hands," except, perhaps, a few visits to Covent-Garden Circus and a painstaking study of what Jenny O'Brien does with touches light and delicate as the fingering of a skilful violinist. It is but justice to say that Mrs. O'Donoghue's book would lose half its value if deprived of the exquisite sketches with which Mr. Chantrey Corbould has illustrated it. Not only does he draw horses with a masterly hand, but he despises all conventional tricks, and presents them to us just as they move in all paces. "Assisting Him," "Wall Jumping," "Brook Jumping," "Sitting like a Centaur—Plenty of Headroom," "Cutting out a Line," and "Thoroughly Obnoxious," are bits of real life that will appeal to every sportsman; and these are not by any means the only artistic gems with which "Riding for Ladies" is enriched.

At a meeting of the general committee of the Life-boat Disaster Fund, held at St. Anne's, Lancashire, it was stated that the fund amounted to £29,688. It was resolved there should be an audit of accounts, and the division of the funds was settled. Five pounds per man was voted to the Lytham life-boat men for their gallant services on Dec. 9.

MUSIC.

VERDI'S "OTELLO."

The new opera was produced at La Scala, Milan, on Saturday evening, the event having been one of almost world-wide interest. It was for some time supposed that with his "Aida" (first brought out at Cairo in 1871) the great Italian composer had relinquished his artistic occupation, to live in retirement, and in the enjoyment of his well-earned wealth and fame; but now, in his seventy-fourth year, he has added another success to the many previously obtained, and has given a fresh proof of his musical genius and dramatic power.

The book of the new opera is by Arrigo Boito, who unites in himself the capacities of author and composer, as proved in his "Mefistofele" and other works. The framework which this gentleman has prepared for Verdi's music is far more worthy of its purpose than the poor travesty of Shakspeare's tragedy on which Rossini's "Otello" was founded (produced in 1816), the original having been pretty closely followed in the new work now referred to, with a few judicious alterations justified by musical exigencies. The first performance of Verdi's work had been preceded by long and careful preparation, under the composer's direction; more than one postponement having taken place, owing partly to his scrupulous requirements and partly to the indisposition of Signor Tamagno, the tenor.

Saturday's performance of the opera is reported to have been a veritable triumph, the music being pronounced to be fully worthy of the composer's reputation. Among the many effective pieces specified are the love duets for Desdemona and Othello, her willow-song and "Ave Maria," the soliloquy of Iago, the music expressive of Othello's jealousy and rage, and some excellent concerted pieces.

The principal characters were filled by Signora Pantaleoni (Desdemona), Signor Tamagno (Otello), and M. Maurel (Iago)—the last having achieved a special success, both in his dramatic and vocal performance.

We shall have future opportunity of speaking of the music of "Otello," which, it is hoped, may be produced during our London Italian opera season.

The tenth of Mr. Henschel's "London Symphony Concerts," at St. James's Hall, took place on Thursday week, when the orchestral selection comprised Schumann's impressive (if somewhat gloomy) overture to "Genoveva"—his one opera; Beethoven's symphony in A; and one of Dvorák's Slavic dances—the instrumental music having been completed by the menuet and gavotte, for pianoforte and orchestra, from Raff's "Suite," op. 200. The pianist was Miss Amina Goodwin, who played with a good touch and much intelligence. Only one vocal piece was given, Mendelssohn's concert-aria, "Infelice," which was fairly well sung by Miss E. Hamlin. The eleventh concert was given this week. Of the performances we must speak hereafter.

Last Saturday's afternoon Popular Concert at St. James's Hall included a performance of Hummel's septet in D minor for pianoforte and stringed and wind instruments, excellently rendered by Mr. Charles Hallé, in association with MM. Svendsen, Horton, Paersch, Hollander, Piatti, and Bottesini. This fine work was announced for repetition at next Monday evening's concert. At that of last Monday Herr Straus was again the leading violinist, Herr Schönberger reappeared as solo pianist, and Mr. Thorndike was the vocalist, Mr. Santley having appeared in this capacity on the previous Saturday.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society—conducted by Mr. Barnby—has more than half completed its sixteenth season, six of the promised ten performances having been given. For the last occasion (during this week), Haydn's "Creation" was announced.

This week's London Ballad Concert at St. James's Hall was an afternoon performance, the programme having been of the usual varied interest in the vocal selection and in the interspersed instrumental solos.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel were to begin another series of their interesting vocal recitals, at Prince's Hall, yesterday (Friday) afternoon.

Herr Schönberger, whose pianoforte playing has recently produced a marked impression here, is to give a second recital, at St. James's Hall, next Wednesday afternoon.

The Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace will be resumed this week, with the eleventh performance of the thirty-first series. The programme comprises Dr. Mackenzie's cantata, "The Story of Sayid," and Mr. C. V. Stanford's setting of Tennyson's ballad, "The Revenge"—each work to be conducted by its composer. A grand performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend" is to be given on May 7, when the arrangements will be on a scale similar to that of the Handel Festivals.

We have already drawn attention to the remarkable talent of the juvenile Master H. Bauer, and his young sisters, Misses E. and W. Bauer. Their precocious skill, as pianists and violinists, is to be again manifested at a second musical evening, at the Portman Rooms, next Wednesday.

The Metropolitan Board of Works Theatres Bill was issued on Monday morning. It is intended to make the inspection of theatres and music-halls more strict than at present, and to insure the arrangements for rapid exit being of the most complete character.

Mr. Edwin Drew's second annual Dickens Celebration was held at the St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening. Songs, scenes, and recitations from the novelist's works were given by Mr. Ernest Walcott, Mr. J. N. Ellaby, Miss Virginia Blackwood, Miss Fanny Peritt, and other popular performers. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Professor Davieson, composer of the Beatrice Gavotte.

A deputation was received last week by Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office from the National Association for Promoting State-Directed Colonisation. Their object was supported by memorials from fifty-five trade societies, representing 200,000 working men, who saw the necessity of doing something to relieve the overcrowded labour market at home. The idea was to send out small colonies to settle on free grants of land, the society providing funds, which would be refunded by the colonists when they got returns from their land. All they wanted was a guarantee from the Government on which ample funds could be raised from the public to be returned in due course. The Prime Minister said he approved of the object as very beneficial, but he thought that for the purpose of effecting anything, for making any impression upon the mass of misery with which we have to deal, a very large sum of money indeed will be wanted. "If you only wish," said his Lordship, "to do what has been done by voluntary emigration you will want £100,000,000 or £150,000,000. These are large sums to be raised by private effort, and I am afraid that the attempt to do so would be rather chimerical unless you come to the Government. But if you come to the Government you must have an argument that will induce the House of Commons to guarantee such a sum, and I fear that you would be asking Parliament to undertake a great speculation."



LOVE AND DEATH.

BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

One of the Pictures offered by the Artist to the National Collections.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Feb. 8.

Ouf! The Parisians are heaving a sigh of relief to think that, at last, all the worry is over, and that peace is the order of the day. But the past week has been very alarming; and, although the good sense of the French has got the better of their excitability, there has been a formidable financial crisis, and the speculators of the Berlin Stock Exchange have drained many millions from France. Happily, a money wound is not mortal to France, and the French financiers have paid up like men, and honour and credit are safe. We may now count on at least six months of tranquillity, and perhaps more. The more the better, for Republican France desires only the victories of peace, for winning which she counts largely on the Exhibition of 1889.

This Exhibition, by-the-way, which M. Alphand is determined to make "gay and living," will be, so far as the construction is concerned, the apotheosis of iron and steel. The machinery gallery, especially, will be a marvel, with its roof carried on eighteen girders, placed at distances of 70 ft. apart, each girder 276 ft. span—that is to say more than 100 ft. more than the girders of St. Pancras. This gallery will form a companion piece to the hideous Eiffel tower, which is now being erected in spite of the condemnation of architects, artists, and critics. The politicians alone approve this tower, which, in their hollow phraseology, they profess to consider as "a symbol of industrial civilisation in opposition to the old warlike and sacerdotal civilisation." In France it has hitherto been the belief that ridicule kills. The Eiffel tower has resisted ridicule.

Truly, exhibitions are the order of the day. On Sunday the laying of the foundations of the exhibition destined to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of railways was accomplished with some ceremony in the Wood of Vincennes. There were present gymnastic and musical societies, some deputies, some municipal councillors, and two officers representing the Ministers of War and of the Navy. What the Army and Navy had to do with this exhibition it is hard to see, for the celebration of the "Cinquantenaire" is a purely private enterprise, the whole responsibility of which falls upon the organisers.

An interesting sale of musical instruments, forming the collection of the late Abel Bonjour, took place at the Hôtel Drouot, last week. A perfect violoncello, by Antoine Stradivarius, dated 1689, was bought for 19,010f., by M. Jules Delsart, professor at the Conservatoire. Another Stradivarius violoncello, dated 1691, was sold for 12,000f. A bow by the famous maker, Tourte, was sold for 1100f. This is the highest price yet obtained for a single bow.

It is a common tendency of young French writers to imagine that, in order to attract attention, they must write something very bold—something which will terrify the bourgeois—something which will prove their hatred of that insipid, sugary literature which is supposed to be alone fit for family reading. The consequence is that it is rarely my privilege to recommend the works of the young school to the readers of this Journal. One says nothing about them, interesting as some of their works are. This week I make an exception with pleasure for M. Léon Hennique's novelette *Pœuf* (1 vol. Tresse et Stock), which is a delicate, pure and charming piece of work of very refined art, that may be read for style and construction as well as for the interest of the story. The scene is laid in Guadeloupe; the hero, Pœuf, is a hirsute sapper, whose chief business it is to look after an officer's son, André, aged eight years; one day Pœuf is condemned to death for having killed his adjutant, and Pœuf is shot. The story is nothing: the interest lies in the emotion which M. Hennique has the secret of producing discreetly by the simplicity and sincerity of his narrative. T. C.

A less warlike attitude prevails in the Continental capitals, and from Berlin a calmer feeling is reported. On the 3rd inst. their Imperial Majesties gave a grand ball in the Old Schloss, about 1800 invitations having been issued. Prince and Princess Komatsu of Japan gave a farewell banquet, at the Kaiserhof, to all the distinguished persons who had shown them hospitality and attention during the past few weeks. M. Herbet informed Count Bismarck that he had, a few hours previously, received an important despatch from his Government instructing him to give an emphatic contradiction to the alarming rumours concerning French armaments.

Public opinion in Spain has been excited by the news that the French representative in Morocco had obtained from the Sultan of that State the concession of a fertile strip of territory adjoining the Algerian province of Oran, which also commands the caravan routes to the interior of Morocco. In the Cortes on Monday week, in reply to a Republican deputy, the Minister for the Colonies admitted that an expedition left Manila, under orders from the Captain-General of the Philippine Islands, on Jan. 10, taking 4000 men in transports, escorted by gun-boats. The intention was to land them in the southern part of Mindanao, where for a long time the natives have been in open rebellion against the Spaniards.

An exciting debate in the Italian Chamber yesterday week on the question of voting the necessary supplies for the reinforcements to be sent to Massowah resulted in the victory of the Government by a majority of thirty-four. In view of the Parliamentary situation, the members of the Cabinet have tendered their resignation.

Telephonic communication was opened between Paris and Brussels on the 2nd inst., and cordial compliments were exchanged by the King of the Belgians and President Grévy. When King and President had done with the wire the Queen of the Belgians listened to a rehearsal at the Paris Opera, the music, we are told, reaching the Queen's ear like an attenuated strain from a musical box.

The Greek Chamber was opened on the 3rd inst. by the King, who stated that bills would be laid before the House enabling the Government to resume the public works.

A Reuter's telegram from Constantinople states that Mgr. Dionisios, Metropolitan of Adrianople, has been elected Greek Ecumenical Patriarch by the Synod.

One of the most terrible accidents in the history of American railways is reported from the State of Vermont as having occurred at two o'clock last Saturday morning. An excursion-train, laden with passengers from Boston for the Ice Carnival at Montreal, left the rails as it was crossing the White River. Four cars fell over the bridge, the debris immediately caught fire, and the passengers who could not extricate themselves from the ruins were burned to death. Some who escaped unclothed from the fire were frozen to death, there being over fifty degrees of frost. It is feared that more than seventy lives have been lost.

The colonists of Trinidad, the most flourishing sugar island of the British West Indies, with a population of 153,000, a revenue of £443,000, exports to the value of £2,241,000 yearly, and imports £2,246,000, and with a public debt of £583,000, are demanding a representative Government. It is felt that the present Constitution of the Legislative Council, which consists of officials and non-officials nominated by the Crown

for life, does not meet the present requirements of the island. This feeling was expressed by a mass meeting held on Saturday, Jan. 15, in the Queen's Park, Port-of-Spain, when about 15,000 people were present, mostly small proprietors. Speeches were delivered by the Mayors of Port-of-Spain and San Fernando (Messrs. F. Damian and R. Guppy) and also by Mr. E. Lange, Mr. M. Lennon and Mr. Fritz Zurcher, large sugar estate owners, Dr. Siccard, Mr. Alcazar (surveyor), Mr. Philip Rostant (editor of *Public Opinion*) and Mr. C. F. Stollmeyer. The feeling was strongly in favour of reform based upon a similar measure recently granted to Jamaica.

Further news from Brazil respecting the loss of the emigrant-ship Kapunda confirms the statement that only sixteen persons have been saved of the 313 on board. It is added that all hope of there being other survivors must now be abandoned. A very unsatisfactory state of affairs as regards the Kapunda was disclosed in the House of Commons on the 4th inst. Mr. Howard Vincent asked the Secretary to the Board of Trade what life-saving gear, in the shape of boats, folding-boats, rafts, life-belts, and life-buoys, was carried by the ill-fated vessel when she left Plymouth on Dec. 17 last with 313 souls on board, and for how many persons in the aggregate was provided floating apparatus in case of accident. From the reply given by Baron De Worms to this inquiry, it seems that the Kapunda was lamentably deficient in arrangements for the safety of her passengers and crew in case of disaster. She carried only six boats, which would hold 163 persons. Nor had she any folding boats or rafts on board. The law, however, having been complied with, the officers of the Board of Trade had no power to require more.

Preparations for celebrating the Queen's Jubilee are proceeding earnestly in all parts of India. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been making a tour in Kattywar, and were entertained at a banquet by the Kattywar chiefs, at Rajkote, last week. The Duke, replying to the toast of "The Queen's Health," expressed his pleasure in making the acquaintance of the chiefs, and remarked that a practical proof had been given of their loyalty and devotion by the raising of subscriptions for Jubilee memorials.

A telegram from Pekin states that the Emperor of China assumed the government of his dominions on Monday.

THE MAGAZINES

SECOND NOTICE.

The *Church Quarterly Review* is, as ever, learned and scholarly. Three of its articles have an interest beyond the limits of the Church of England—those on "Egyptian Christianity," on the "Early History of Oxford," and on the "Microcosmos" of the last considerable German philosopher, Lotze.

The *Scottish Review* has a fine philosophical article on Herbert Spencer, and one of considerable practical importance to Scotchmen, treating of the jurisdiction of English courts over them. It is chiefly remarkable, however, for two contributions by foreigners—Mr. D. Bikelas, on "Byzantinism and Hellenism," and an anonymous essay, translated from the Arabic, on the condition of Egypt before the English "invasion." This curious document is especially interesting as an illustration of the fundamental difference between Western and Eastern ideas, and of the impossibility of the latter holding their ground in competition with the former.

The *National Review* for February has a very clear account of the new French fortified frontier, by Mr. A. H. Atteridge; some curious love-letters from a barrister of James the First's time to his betrothed; and readable papers on the decline of *esprit* in France and on the rustic poetry of William Barnes, whose praise everyone begins to sing as soon as he can no longer hear it.

The most interesting contribution to a rather poor number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* is Mr. L. Barbe's account of "Master Randolph's Fantasy," a libel on Mary, Queen of Scots, now existing only in the manuscript. Mr. Fox Bourne offers some sensible and some dubious suggestions on army organisation, and there is a pleasant article on Grimaldi's memoirs. *Belgravia* has its usual *quantum* of amusing stories. The leading article in *Time* is a very good paper on Lord Iddesleigh, by Oliver A. Fermor. There are also a continuation of "Journalism in the United States," and minute observations on the infancy of kittens. *London Society* seems to be on the point of parting with its principal attraction—Miss Thomas's extremely vigorous and spirited story of "Elizabeth's Fortune."

We have also received *The Red Dragon*, *The Army and Navy Magazine*, *Cassell's Family Magazine*, *The Quiver*, *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, *Picturesque Europe*, *Good Words*, *Ladies' Gazette of Fashion*, *Moniteur de la Mode*, *Ladies' Treasury*, *Le Follet*, *Weldon's Ladies' Journal*, *Loose Rein*, *Argosy*, *Leisure Hour*, *Indian Magazine*, *United Service Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, *All the Year Round*, *Household Words*, *Army and Navy Gazette*, *The Theatre*, *Illustrations*, *Eastward Ho*, *Little Folks*, *Christian World Magazine*, *Harper's Young People*, *St. Nicholas*, *Every Girl's Magazine*, *Girl's Own Paper*, *Boy's Own Paper*, and others.

The usual weekly entertainment at the Brompton Hospital on Tuesday evening last was kindly given by Mr. Arthur Weston, and consisted of music by the Misses Maud Cameron, Blanche Weston, Florence Venning, and Antoinetta Gazzana; Messrs. Arthur Weston and Alfred Grieve with Mr. Fred W. Stephens, buffo, Mr. John Harrison, pianoforte, Mr. G. T. Miles, harp, and Mr. James Burn, accompanist. The programme was excellently carried out, and gave great pleasure to a large audience.

The public parks, &c., which it is proposed by the Government's Bill to transfer from the care of her Majesty's Commissioners of Works to that of the Metropolitan Board, are Victoria Park, Battersea Park, Kennington Park, Bethnal-green, Westminster Bridge, and the Chelsea Embankment. The object is to transfer the cost of their maintenance from the Exchequer to the local rates; and no part of the metropolis is to be entitled to any exemption from that portion of the consolidated rate which is required for the purpose of defraying this cost of maintenance.

The Friday evening lecture at the Royal Institution was given by Mr. Edwin Freshfield, on "Some Unpublished Records of the City of London." In dealing with the mass of parish records of the metropolis, the lecturer opened a vast mine of historical interest hitherto almost untouched. The parishes within the City number 113, and the out-parishes seventeen, in all 130, the records of which extend in almost unbroken series from about A.D. 1250 to recent times. By means of well-selected extracts, the lecturer managed to rivet the attention of his audience, as the incidents narrated gave evidence of the social relations of the parishioners or illustrated passing historical events. The pains taken by the Church and by the parishes to relieve the poor; the keen interest taken in parish affairs by the highest, as well as the general body of residents; and the care with which the expenditure and application of moneys were looked after in the olden times, led Mr. Freshfield to conclude with a comparison of how such matters were now attended to, and the expression of the hope that something of the old spirit and combination of classes might again return.

THE RENT WAR IN IRELAND.

The discussions, both in the House of Commons and in the newspapers, concerning the evictions at Glenbeigh, in county Kerry, are still continued. Mr. J. Adye Curran, Q.C., the County Court Judge, has had a correspondence with the Roman Catholic Bishop, explaining his motives and commenting on the behaviour of the Rev. Father Quilter, with regard to the attempted mediation and arbitration in the adjustment of rent arrears to be paid. He says that the amount due was in some cases as much as seven or eight years' rent, and that they promised to pay one year's rent, which the agent for the estate agreed to accept, offering them a clear receipt to last May; these terms of agreement were endorsed by Mr. Curran on the decrees of eviction, and it will be remembered that General Sir Redvers Buller afterwards obtained by his personal exertions with Mr. Roe and with Mr. Merrick Head, the mortgagee, a further reduction to the amount of half a year's rent. Mr. Curran was nevertheless denounced for his cruelty, and was held up to popular indignation because he has assisted in bringing a set of desperate criminals to justice. He complains that he is put in danger of assassination, so that his person and home must be protected by the police; and he declares that the execution of the decrees of eviction was forced on by the National League, the poor Glenbeigh tenants being sacrificed to keep up the agitation in Kerry. Our Special Artist's Sketch represents the incident of the police attempting to arrest a Kerry girl, who had been throwing stones or otherwise assaulting some of the "Emergency men" placed in possession of the property after these evictions. Another Sketch is that of a party of the Royal Irish Constabulary going by sea, in several of the "hookers" or open sailing-boats of the west coast of Ireland, to land on the neighbouring islands, where the sheriff and bailiffs have to carry out evictions, and where the protection of an armed Government force is required for the execution of the legal process.

Near Youghal, in the south of Ireland, yesterday week, scenes of violence attended the opening of the eviction campaign on the Ponsonby estate. The town was thrown into excitement by the arrival of one hundred police, two district inspectors, and the County Inspector, with the sheriff and bailiffs. The scene of operations was at Kiltown, about three miles from Youghal, where John Fleming, Poor-law guardian and proprietor of a pottery and brickyard, was to be evicted. The house was barricaded, but an entrance was effected through a window and possession was taken. Three small holders on the same land were put out, but made no active resistance. Some of the leading Nationalists and two priests were present, and a crowd of some hundreds, who yelled and hooted as the work proceeded amid a downpour of rain. An engine used at the pottery was kept going, and caused some inconvenience to the sheriff's party, as it ejected steam and water. Great excitement prevailed during the operations.

A shocking outrage was perpetrated last week by the "Moonlighters" in Kerry, who entered a cottage and seized two young girls, cut off their hair, and poured hot tar over their heads, to punish them for having spoken to a policeman; they threatened other women and girls of the village with similar punishment.

Serious riots at Belfast again broke out on Saturday and Sunday; the police, being fiercely attacked, had to use their revolvers, and one young man was shot, but not killed.

A YEAR'S BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.

The Registrar-General has issued his report on the births, deaths, and marriages registered in England and Wales in the year 1885. The births registered in the year numbered 894,270, and the deaths 522,750. The natural increment, therefore, is equal to 1.36 per cent of the population. The population when numbered in 1881 was 25,974,439. It is estimated from calculating the recorded excess of births over deaths that in the middle of 1885 the population should be 27,569,050. This calculation, however, takes no account of loss by emigration and of gain by immigration; and in consequence, whenever the estimated population is spoken of in a particular year, it is to be understood that the estimate has been made on the supposition that the rate of growth which marked the last intercensal period has continued. On this hypothesis the population of England and Wales in the middle of 1885 numbered 27,499,041, of whom 13,381,817 were males and 14,117,224 were females.

The marriages registered during the year 1885 numbered 197,745, giving a rate of 14.4 persons to every 1000. This is the lowest marriage-rate since civil registration began, and is equalled only once, in 1879. It is often supposed, and it has been stated in works of high authority, that marriages increase as the price of food diminishes. This is certainly not true at present in this country; and, indeed, the Registrar-General states that the marriage-rate has of recent years varied, not inversely, but directly with the price of wheat; and this statement he illustrates by a table in which he sets down the marriage-rate for the twenty-six years up to the date of this book, together with the value a head of the population of the United Kingdom in exports and imports, the average price of wheat a quarter, and (during eighteen years) the amount cleared at the Bankers' Clearing House for every head of the population. Of the 197,745 marriages celebrated in 1885, 139,913 were solemnised according to the rites of the Church of England; this proportion is slightly higher than usual.

With regard to the births of the year, it may be noticed that they were in the proportion of 32.5 to every 1000 of the population, the lowest rate since 1848. The male sex outnumbered the female by 455,809 to 438,461; though it is evident from the estimate already given that the females have a better chance of surviving.

Sir W. Vernon Harcourt has resigned the Whewell Professorship of International Law, at Cambridge, which he has held from its institution, in 1869. The election of a successor is fixed for March 5.

Comte d'Aubigny, Counsellor to the French Embassy, presiding last Saturday at the annual dinner in aid of the funds of the French Hospital and Dispensary, expressed his belief that M. Grévy had all the qualities necessary for keeping the French nation from running into danger. Last year the hospital relieved 9052 out-patients and 3871 in-patients, belonging to twenty different nationalities. Donations to the amount of about £2000 were announced.

Lord Stanley of Preston, the President of the Board of Trade, received last week a deputation of the fishing industries, from the conference in Fishmongers' Hall. Sir Edward Birkbeck, M.P., introduced the deputation. The two principal subjects which it had to bring under his Lordship's notice were those of railway rates, and the constitution of the new Fisheries Department with a view to having practical fishermen to assist at the Board of Trade. The question has been raised whether local councils of owners and fishermen, who should act as a consulting body to whom the Board of Trade might refer, would be favourably regarded by the fishing industry.



ATTEMPTING TO ARREST A GIRL FOR ASSAULTING AN "EMERGENCY MAN," AT GLENBEIGH, KERRY.



CONSTABULARY GOING IN "HOOKERS" TO ENFORCE EVICTIONS ON THE ISLANDS OF THE WEST COAST.

THE RENT WAR IN IRELAND: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



PRINCE RUPERT AT EDGEHILL.—FROM THE PICTURE BY STANLEY BERKLEY.

The first battle of the English Civil War between the forces of King Charles I. and those of the Parliament was fought at Edgehill, in Warwickshire, bordering on Oxfordshire, on Oct. 23, 1642. The King was supported by the parts north of the Trent, and was especially strong in Shropshire; from Shrewsbury he sought to march on Oxford and London. The Parliamentary army, composed of 20,000 foot and 4000 horse, was commanded by the Earl of Essex, who blocked the valley of the Severn at Worcester. The King then

marched by Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Kenilworth, and Warwick, but was met by Essex at Edgehill. The Royalist army was the larger, and superior in cavalry, but inferior in artillery. Its division leaders were Lord Wilmot, Sir Jacob Astley, Lord Digby, Sir John Byron, and Prince Rupert, who was nephew to the King, being son of the Bavarian Elector Palatine by Princess Elizabeth of England. This German Prince, then thirty-three years of age, was a dashing leader of cavalry, and gained renown by the impetuosity of his "charge,"

but never showed any great skill in general tactics or in strategy, though he was a man of considerable intellectual ability, and became in after-life a student of science and an experimental chemist, ending his life peacefully at Windsor in 1682. The defeats of the King's army at Marston Moor and Naseby, and the surrender of Bristol, were attributed to his rashness and imprudence, and caused him to be deprived of military command. At Edgehill, it appears, the novelty of his method of attack gave a slight advantage

to the Royalists, so that they were enabled, without gaining a decisive victory, to pursue their march to Banbury and Oxford, while Prince Rupert, with his cavalry, got so near to London as Brentford. But Rupert had endangered the whole army at Edgehill by loitering to plunder the neighbouring village of Kington. The picture, by Mr. Stanley Berkley, which is represented in our Engraving, was in the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and is a spirited and effective work of art.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

Mr. H. M. Stanley left Cairo on the 3rd inst., with sixty-one black soldiers of the Egyptian army. Sir E. Baring, Lady Baring, General Stephenson and General Baker, and Tigrane Pasha, and many of the Europeans resident in the city, were present at the station, and wished Mr. Stanley "God-speed." He was accompanied by Dr. Junker as far as Suez, whence Mr. Stanley, who is accompanied by Dr. Parkes, of the Army Medical Department, embarked for Zanzibar. He will engage at Zanzibar a large number of the trusty East African servants known to him in his former travels. Thence he will proceed by the Cape to the entrance of the Congo, where he will be joined by a few of his English and Belgian officers, and will ascend that great river and its northern tributaries as far as possible. The King of the Belgians, who is President of the Congo Association and its States, has offered the use of all the steam-boats it maintains there. Although it will take much time, the route by the Congo-Mobangi, nearly 2000 miles in length, may be the easiest; for Mr. Greenfell has ascended the Mobangi for 250 miles above its junction with the Congo, and Dr. Junker has been down the Welle-Makue to within 200 miles of Mr. Greenfell's farthest. But grave doubts are entertained by men well acquainted with the general configuration of these regions as to the continuity of the Welle with the Mobangi, and even as to its being a tributary of the Congo at all. The solution of this and other geographical problems, concerning the almost unknown region between the northern head of the Congo waters and the south-western tributaries of the White Nile, is of great practical interest. General Gordon's latest plan for the final suppression of the inland slave-trade of East Africa was to find means of opening a communication between the Nile region and that of the Congo. With this philanthropic view, he had contemplated offering his own services to the Congo Association. While beleaguered with his garrison of Soudanese troops at Khartoum, he cherished a hope of being enabled to lead them up the White Nile to the Equatorial provinces, where he would have joined Emin Bey, and might very possibly have succeeded in safely escorting the Egyptian refugees of Khartoum either to Zanzibar or to the Congo. The refusal of our own Government to permit General Gordon to take this course was one of the greatest mistakes that were committed in the melancholy series of official blunders which terminated with his lamented death. In any case, the adoption of the Congo route, instead of proceeding inland from the east coast of Africa, has been deemed expedient in order to avoid the opposition of Mwanga, the cruel and insolent native King of the Uganda, who put to death Bishop Hannington; the route from Zanzibar, by Lake Victoria Nyanza, being considered inadvisable on that account. Mr. Stanley will have about 600 armed men with him, capable of fighting, besides his Maxim gun, in case he should be attacked, and the train of luggage-bearers and other native servants will bring the whole company to about 1200. In the Upper Congo region he may perhaps secure the assistance of Tippoo Tip, the Arab ivory and slave hunter, at this moment probably the most powerful man in all Central Africa, whose resources in men and means are practically unlimited. His agents and raiders will be found in all directions from Nyangwe or, rather, Kasonge as his centre. It is now reported that the Arabs have wrecked the Stanley Falls Station—a catastrophe which might have occurred at any time in the past had it not been for Tippoo's friendship for the white chiefs of the station. He has his agents in Muscat and India, to whom every year he sends his vast stores; and his wealth, whatever shape it may take, is as enormous as his power.

Letters just received from Dr. Lenz, who, it may be remembered, went out to seek for Dr. Junker and Emin Pasha, give a very striking idea, not only of Tippoo's greatness, but of the changes which he and his fellow Arabs are bringing over the face of the country in the neighbourhood of the Upper Congo. Dr. Lenz, by Tippoo's liberal assistance, journeyed up the Congo to Nyangwe, taking about fifty days, including stoppages by the way. All along the river great changes have taken place since Mr. Stanley's memorable journey down some ten years ago. In many places the natives have disappeared from the banks, and large Arab and Zanzibar settlements have taken their place. For Tippoo Tip has some rivals, though at present they live at peace with each other. In many places along the banks extensive fields of rice are found, and all round Nyangwe and Kasonge, the country is covered with such fields and with plantations of all kinds. Nyangwe is no longer the important place it was in the days of Livingstone or at the time of Mr. Stanley's first visit. Three days' distance from it is Kasonge, Tippoo's head-quarters, a large town, with broad streets and many fine houses. Here also are other great Arab traders, and the Arab and Zanzibar immigration is going on at an increasing rate.

A Portrait of Dr. Junker, a Russian, the former comrade and lieutenant of Emin Pasha, whom he quitted on the White Nile a twelvemonth ago, is presented this week. It is from a photograph by Messrs. Strommeyer and Heymann, of Cairo.

An interesting letter from Mr. Stanley, written at Cairo on the 29th ult., published in Wednesday's papers, gives some account of his interviews with Dr. Junker, whom he finds "amiable, frank, and modest," and who answered every question without reserve. Dr. Junker left Emin Pasha at Wadelai on Jan. 1, 1886, going up the White Nile by a steamer, passing Faliko, Lado, Fashoda, Dufi, Tashoro, and Magungo, to Chibero, on Lake Albert Nyanza; visiting Kabba Rega, the King of Unyoro, where he met the Italian scientific explorer, Crasati; thence travelling through Uganda, northwest of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and crossing to the south shore, visiting the French Catholic missionary station at Ukumbo. His description of the shores of that lake has recently been published, and he has presented Mr. Stanley with a large and accurate map, extending westward as far as the twenty-three degrees of east longitude on the Welle Makue. Dr. Junker, after quitting Lake Victoria Nyanza, journeyed on towards the east coast, with a train of porters and donkeys, meeting several English missionaries, engineers, and German ivory merchants, by way of Ut Salala, Uyui, Tabora, and the Ugogo country, Mpwapwa, and the land of Usagara, to the seaport of Bagamoyo, opposite the island of Zanzibar. Among the Europeans he met were the Rev. F. Mackay, Père Louderol, and Père Delmon, in the Uganda country; the Vicar Apostolic Goreau, at Ukumbo; the Rev. F. Gordon and Mr. Wyce, at Ut Salala; Mr. Grescher, who was killed by the Arabs at Tabora, an agent of Messrs. Meyer and Co., of Hamburg; and the Rev. J. Baxter and T. Proua, at Mpwapwa.

Dr. Junker and Dr. Schweinfurth, with whom Mr. Stanley has conferred at Cairo, disapprove of his choosing the Congo route, by which they say the expedition will take eighteen months to reach Emin Pasha; but Mr. Stanley promises to ascend from the Lower Congo to the head of the river in thirty-five days, after which his land march will be only 360 miles from Stanley Falls. The two available routes from the east coast of Africa are that "through Masai land," which we know from the expedition of Mr. J. Thomson, F.R.G.S., and by which the distance to Wadelai is 925 miles; and the route by way of Karagwé, to Lake Albert Nyanza, 950 miles

from Zanzibar, with a land journey of 156 days, through a country traversed by Colonel J. A. Grant and Captain Speke, and not unknown to Mr. Stanley, but which is exposed to hostilities from the King of Mwanga. Mr. Stanley says that his is a peaceful expedition, and he does not wish to have to force a passage. "To effect the relief of Emin Pasha with the least harm to any soul, native or foreign, and to assure a greater certainty of success, the Congo route was selected."

With regard to Emin Pasha (Dr. Schnitzler), whose Portrait we gave last week, Mr. Stanley adds a few particulars from Dr. Junker's account of him. He is an Austrian physician, who was a medical attendant of the Grand Vizier, Midhat Pasha, at Constantinople; on the downfall of that Minister, he went to Souakim, travelled thence to Khartoum, where General Gordon gave him an appointment, and in 1877 he was at Lado, in the Equatorial provinces. He is forty-one years of age, tall, thin, and extremely short-sighted; a great linguist, speaking German, French, Italian, English, Turkish, Arabic, and several African languages; devoted to the natural sciences, a sagacious, tactful, and prudent administrator, but not much of a fighting man. His present company is estimated at ten white Egyptian officers, fifteen black non-commissioned officers, twenty Coptish clerks, and three hundred black soldiers from Dongola and Wady Halfa, with 150 women and perhaps a hundred children. It is possible that the soldiers may prefer to return to Egypt or to the Soudan; but the decision of Emin Pasha, when the relief expedition arrives, will influence the majority of them. Dr. Junker proposes soon to come to England, and we may expect to hear him lecture to the Royal Geographical Society in London. Mr. Stanley, though differing from him in judgment, speaks of him with cordial praise.

OBITUARY.

LADY LOUISA COTES.

Lady Louisa Harriet Cotes, of Pitchford Hall, Shrewsbury, widow of Mr. John Cotes, of Woodcote, M.P. for North Shropshire, died on the 5th inst. Her Ladyship was third daughter and co-heiress of Charles Cecil Cope, third Earl of Liverpool, by Julia Evelyn Medley, his wife, daughter and heiress of Sir George Augustus Shuckburgh, Bart.; was born March 28, 1814, and married in 1839. She was left a widow in 1874. Her sisters were Lady Catherine Julia Vernon Harcourt and Lady Selina, late Viscountess Milton.

LORD DEAS.

Lord Deas, one of the oldest members of the Scottish College of Justice, died at his residence, 32, Heriot-row, Edinburgh, on the 8th inst. He was a native of Falkland, Fifeshire, and was born on Jan. 7, 1804. He was called to the Bar on June 10, 1828, when he was in his twenty-fifth year, and soon acquired an extensive practice. In 1850 he received his commission as Sheriff of Ross and Cromarty, the following year he became Solicitor-General, and two years later he was raised to the Bench.

COLONEL SIR J. U. BATEMAN-CHAMPAIN.

Colonel Sir John Underwood Bateman-Champain, K.C.M.G., of Halton Park, Lancaster, of the Royal Engineers (Bengal), and Chief Director of the Government Indo-European Telegraph, died on the 1st inst. He was son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Agnew Champain, of the 9th Regiment, was born July 22, 1835, and in 1870 assumed the additional surname of Bateman, on succeeding to the Halton property. His first commission bears date June 11, 1853. He was in the Indian Mutiny, at the siege of Delhi, and at the capture of Lucknow. But it was by his eminent services in the chief direction of the telegraph system between England and India that Colonel Champain gained his high reputation. The distinction of K.C.M.G. was conferred on him last year. Sir John married, Sept. 22, 1865, Harriet Sophia, eldest daughter of Sir Frederick Currie, Bart., and leaves six sons and two daughters.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General Sir Charles Macgregor, on the 5th inst. His Portrait and memoir are given in another page of this issue.

General George Sandham, R.A., seventh on the roll of retired full Generals, on the 29th ult., at Rowdell, near Pulborough, Sussex, in his seventy-fourth year.

Caroline Mary, Mrs. Byng, wife of Colonel Cranmer-Byng, of Quendon Hall, Essex (grand-son of Vice-Admiral Hon. Henry Dilkes Byng), and daughter of Right Hon. Henry Tufnell, M.P., on the 31st ult., deeply deplored.

Joseph Sladen, Sessions Judge of Bareilly, N.W.F., India, on the 28th ult., in his fifty-first year. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Joseph Sladen, of Hartsbourne Manor, Herts, by Etheldred, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Baker Sladen, of Ripple Court, Kent.

Dr. John Watts, who has taken a prominent part in educational and social movements for the benefit of the working classes for the last half century, on the 7th inst., at his residence, at Manchester, after a lingering illness, aged sixty-nine.

The Rev. George Henry Heslop, Rector of Oakley, near Basingstoke, and Hon. Canon of Carlisle, on the 30th ult., in his sixty-fifth year. A very brilliant and correct scholar, formerly Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and for twenty-five years Head Master of St. Bees Grammar School.

Mr. Charles Butler Clough, of Boughton House, in the county of Chester, and Llwyn Offa, in the county of Flint, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1863, a cadet of the ancient family of Clough, of Plas Clough, in the county of Denbigh, on the 1st inst., aged seventy.

General Henry Frederick Dunsford, C.B., Bengal Staff Corps, on the 31st ult., at St. Heliers, Jersey, aged sixty-nine. He entered the Army in 1835, and attained the rank of General in 1877. In 1846, he was a Brigade-Major at the battle of Sobraon, and, for his distinguished services during the Indian Mutiny, was granted the Companionship of the Bath.

Mr. Adolphus Warburton Moore, C.B., recently appointed Political and Secret Secretary at the India Office, on the 2nd inst., in his forty-sixth year. He was son of Major John Arthur Moore, Director of the East India Company, and from an early period of life was trained for official life connected with India. He was one of the ablest members of the Civil Service. He acted as Private Secretary to Lord Randolph Churchill both at the India Office and at the Treasury.

The Portrait of Sir Joseph Whitworth, published last week, is from an excellent photograph by Mr. Vernon Heath, of 37, Piccadilly.

At the first meeting for the year of the Society of Engineers on Monday evening, Professor H. Robinson, the President, gave the opening address, in which he discussed the most recent occurrences of interest to the engineering world. He anticipated an early introduction of railways into China, and the extension of the existing railway in Burmah. He advocated economy in the production and utilisation of motive power; and mentioned several reforms in existing laws which he considered to be desirable.

PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

Messrs. Dowdeswells (153, New Bond-street) have now replaced their scenes from the English lakes by a series of drawings of Alpine and Italian scenery, by Mr. B. J. M. Donne. Of his work we can honestly say that it makes it more hard for those "in city pent" to feel themselves shut off from the sunny scenes he recalls. It matters little whether he is wandering along the valley of the Rhone, stopping a while to sketch the "Neu Brücke" (61), above Visp, or the "Châlets at Staldau" (59), or whether he has established himself in his favourite Saas-Fee, which furnishes him half-a-dozen bright and bold sketches, or whether he has crossed the Pennine range, and in the "Val Anzasca at Ceppomorelli" (15 and 17) is revelling in some of the most beautiful surroundings of Monte Rosa: we feel that we are in sympathy with him, and he with us. He does justice, we find with pleasure, to the spots on which so many of us have lingered, and where, doubtless, we thought we had discovered beauties which revealed themselves to us alone; as, for instance, the view of the "Fletschhorn from the Rieder Alp" (24), and the still grander marshalling of the three great peaks of the "Valais" (43) as seen from the same quiet sunny spot. We may go further south with Mr. Donne, and passing the St. Gothard, come out of the tunnel darkness into the full blaze of light on the slopes of the "Brunasco, near Airolo" (8), slowly journey onwards, by "Lugano" (74), and reach the shores of the Mediterranean at "Port St. Louis" (54), at Mentone, or at the less frequented, but even more attractive, "Albenga" (113) on the Riviera di ponente. Mr. Donne's work, however, is not limited to "holiday" pictures, and in such studies as "Rouen Cathedral" (21), the "Sentinels of Beer Head" (25) we see how carefully he can deal with subjects which demand as attentive study of details as his "tourist" sketches show him gifted with delicacy and imagination.

Mr. John Surtees travels over much the same ground, but his collected sketches, now on view at Mr. McLean's Gallery (7, Haymarket), are painted with a broader brush than Mr. Donne's. He is, moreover, more methodical in his grouping, so that each visitor may renew his recollections of the districts he most delights in. Grindelwald, with its neighbouring Mürren and Rosenlauri, the Italian lakes, Bologna and Florence, Cannes and Mentone are something more than mere names to most of us nowadays; and we follow Mr. Surtees with pleasure up the "Mule-path to Mürren" (6), and gaze with never-tiring wonderment at the "Ebne Flüß" and the "Black Monk" (2), or at the "Wetterhorn" (10) with the Upper Grindelwald Glacier. On the south side of the Alps to "Madonna del Sasso" (23), well known to those who do not hurry post-haste through Locarno, "Bellagio" (28) on Lake Como, and "Baveno" (26) in the freshness of spring, are the memories which are recalled most vividly by Mr. Surtees' pencil. The Riviera furnishes him with abundance of subjects, especially the neighbourhood of Mentone and Cannes—the red rocks of the former (34), the "Château de Vallombrosa" (56), near the latter, being among his most successful works. But it is when he reaches Florence—whether seen from "San Miniato" (69), or in mist from the "Road to Fiesole" (70)—that Mr. Surtees shows himself at his best, and puts out his full strength. His little group of studies from North Wales, especially the "Church Pool at Bettws-y-Coed" (77), and, further north, the view of "Pine-Tre Island, at Killin," show that in his appreciation of foreign scenery Mr. Surtees has not lost his sympathy for the landscape of his own country. This little exhibition is full of interesting work, and is a refreshment for those for whom holidays are still a long way off.

At a general meeting of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, held on Monday evening, Mr. H. G. Hine was elected Vice-President, in place of the late Mr. J. H. Mole.

Whether the posthumous novels, left or supposed to have been left behind him by a promising and lamented author, not long deceased, have by this time been exhausted or not, it has evidently seemed advisable to quit for a while his prose and show to the public his verse, whereof some excellent specimens will be found in *A Life's Idylls and Other Poems*: by Hugh Conway (Bristol: W. Arrowsmith; London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), a pretty volume overflowing with pretty compositions. There is just so much of poetic inspiration as the writer might have been expected to show, not enough of course to remind us of an Isaiah or a David, who reached the limits of sublimity, or even of a Dante or a Milton, whose grandeur attained to not that higher level, but sufficient to testify of an eye that was quick to see, a heart that was warm with passion, a soul with music in it, and a very facile fancy. With all these gifts, and taste to boot, and with a command of melodious numbers, it were strange indeed, should the writer fail to please with his collection of graceful lyrics.

"No index" one is inclined to grumble upon looking first at the title-page and then at the tail of *Gleanings from a Tour in Palestine and the East*: by Charles D. Bell, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton); and this is decidedly the kind of book which, without an appendage in that form, looks as incomplete as a Manx cat. Still, there is a map, and there are twelve nice illustrations, wherewith let us be contented; or let us even be grateful for such—by no means small—mercies. There are, as the author truly remarks, a great many books about Palestine; but the subject is one which never palls, and there are probably thousands of readers who will be glad that he listened to the voice of the charmer, to the suggestions of the good-natured friends to whom he sent in the form of letters the substance of his book, and who "expressed a wish to have the letters collected and put in a connected shape." The volume contains some verse as well as prose; and what gives a special freshness of tone to the whole is the fact that the letters were written from the very spot, that the verses were composed on the very spot, and that the spot is one on which the writer's heart had long been fixed. His visit to the Holy Land, indeed, was the fulfilment of a life-long wish; and with a full sense of fruition the author looked upon the scenes of which he had dreamed, compared his visions with the reality, and put on record his impressions. There may be, it was inevitable that there should be, little or nothing that is new in the matters about which the traveller had to write; but there is very likely a large circle of readers to whom the manner will recommend itself beyond all their previous experience, or to whom the whole book may be a revelation; for not everybody can read every work that is published, children are year by year growing up, and new successions of readers are formed, to whom all publications dealing with the Holy Land are equally unknown. Naturally, the writer has his say about "dancing dervishes," who, he tells us, perform cures by walking on the bodies of the diseased, which reminds one of the remark made by Sydney Smith when he was advised to try the prescription of "taking a walk upon an empty stomach," and quietly asked "whose?" He might have obtained what he wanted perhaps in the land of "dancing dervishes," which, by-the-way, is not Palestine, but belongs to what comes under the general designation of "the East." A very useful addition to the narrative proper is a collection of "hints for those about to travel in Palestine."

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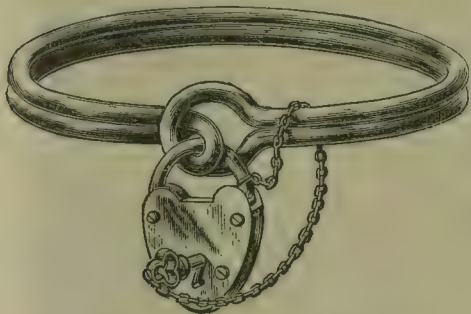
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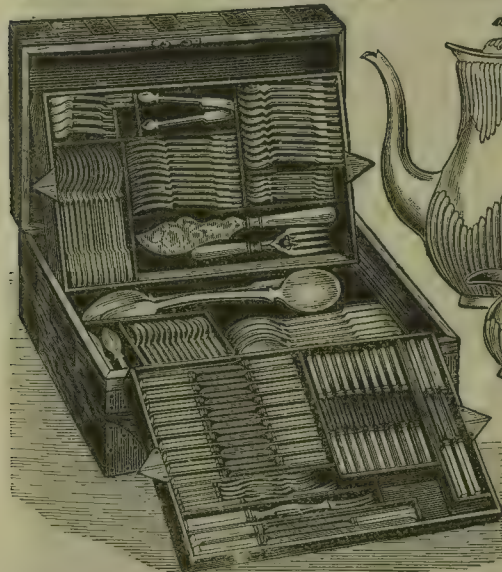
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THE LATE GENERAL SIR CHARLES MACGREGOR, K.C.B.,
FORMERLY QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL IN INDIA.

THE LATE SIR CHARLES MACGREGOR.

The death of General Sir Charles Macgregor, K.C.B., of the Bengal Staff Corps, formerly Quartermaster-General of the Indian Army, and Commander of the Punjab Frontier Force, took place last Saturday at Cairo. He was a distinguished soldier, but was still better known for his services to the Indian Government as a military statistician and geographer, being the author of many valuable official reports, from personal investigation, concerning the various countries and nations between India and Russia, and of plans for the defence of our Asiatic Empire. Charles Metcalfe Macgregor was born in 1840, at Agra, son of Major Robert Guthrie Macgregor, of the Bengal Artillery, and grand-son of Major-General James Macgregor, of the Bengal Cavalry, one of the family of the Macgregors of Glengyle, in Perthshire; his mother was daughter of General Archibald Watson, C.B., of the Bengal Cavalry. He was educated at Marlborough College,



LIEUTENANT C. B. MACDONALD, R.N.,
KILLED IN BURMAH.

and entered the Bengal Staff Corps in 1856, served through the Indian Mutiny War, became Lieutenant in 1857, was in the Chinese War of 1860 and the Bhootan campaign of 1864, was promoted to be Captain and Brevet-Major in 1868, held a staff appointment in the Abyssinian Expedition, became Major in 1876, Brevet-Colonel in 1877, and in the Afghan War acted as Deputy Quartermaster-General, and subsequently as Chief of the Staff to Sir Samuel Browne, Sir Frederick Roberts, and Sir Donald Stewart, commanding also the third Brigade at the relief of Candahar in 1880. He was often wounded in the earlier part of his career as a field officer, and was repeatedly commended in despatches for his conduct in action. He was employed for some years by the Indian Government in collecting information about the tribes and districts of the North-West Frontier, Afghanistan, Persia, and Central Asia, and also Asiatic Turkey and the Caucasus, upon which subjects he compiled volumes of gazetteers, and useful reports which are not published. In 1874 he did good service as chief of the transport for the relief of the distressed population of Tirhoot in the Bengal famine. He published two interesting books of travel; the one relating his observations in Khorassan, the other in Beloochistan, where he was accompanied by Captain Lockwood. He was



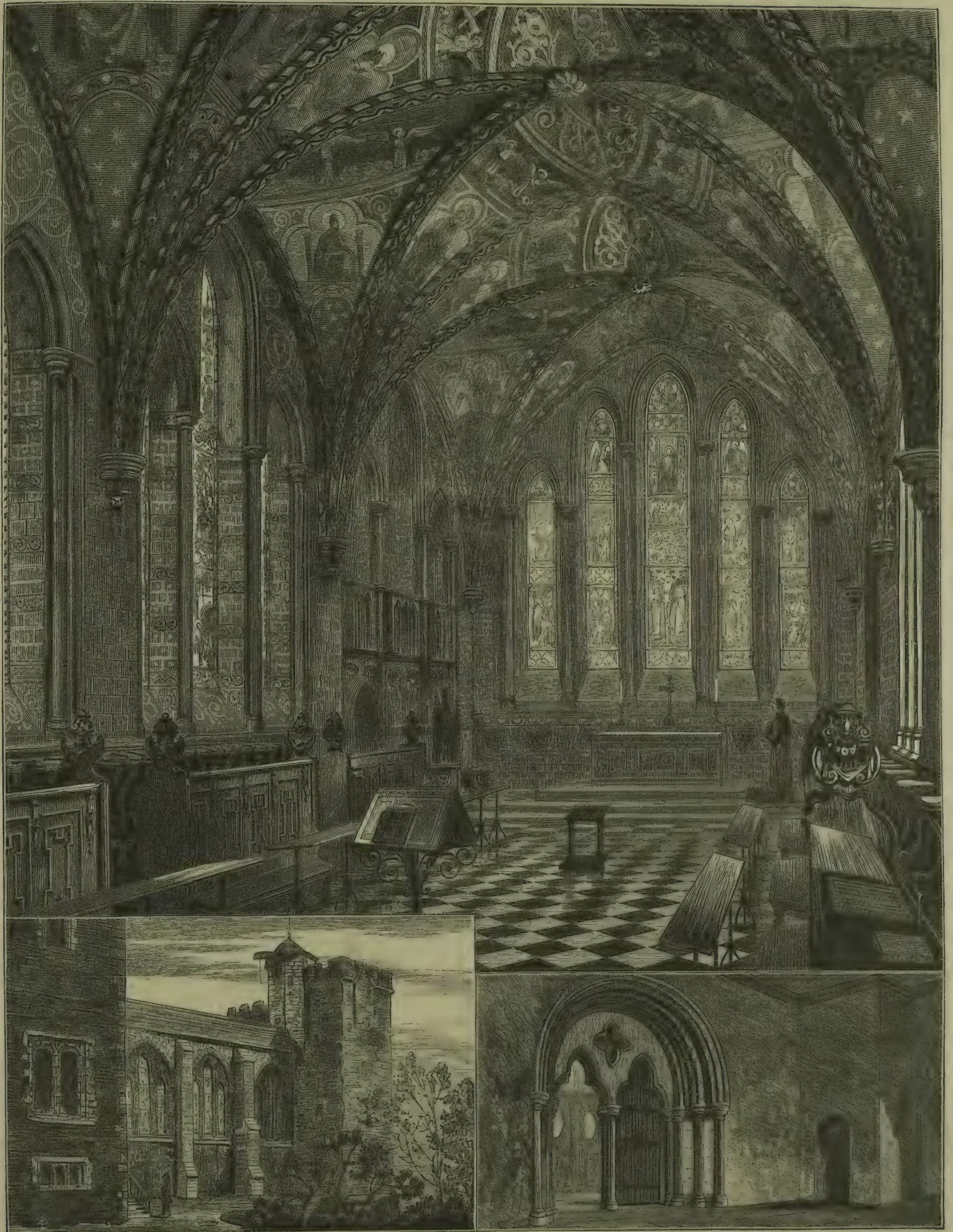
DR. JUNKER,
COMRADE AND LIEUTENANT OF EMIN PASHA.

made a Knight of the Bath for his distinguished services in the Afghan War, and was a Companion of the Star of India and of the Order of the Indian Empire. Sir Charles Macgregor's first wife was a daughter of the late General Sir Henry Durand; some years after her death he married, in 1883, a daughter of Mr. F. W. Jardine. He was obliged by ill-health to resign his command in the Punjab, which he had taken after holding five years the office of Quartermaster-General in India.

Mr. Edward J. Kennedy (Nationalist) was the only candidate nominated at Ballymote on Monday for South Sligo, and was declared duly elected. On the same day, Mr. Charles Lewis (Conservative), Mr. M'Elroy (Gladstonian Liberal), and Mr. Traill (Unionist) were nominated at Ballymoney for the vacancy in the representation of North Antrim, caused by the elevation of Lord Macnaghten to the Bench.



AUSTRIAN WAR PREPARATIONS: TRYING NORDENFELDT GUNS WITH NEW SHELLS, AT VIENNA NEUSTADT,
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. JOSEPH HANHEISER.



THE CHAPEL OF LAMBETH PALACE.

In the chapel of Lambeth Palace, yesterday week, there was a religious service in commemoration of the centennial anniversary of the consecration, by Bishops of the Church of England, of two Bishops for the Church in the United States, on Feb. 4, 1787. It was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Rochester, the Bishop of New York, and the Bishop of North Carolina; the Dean of Windsor and the Rev. Montague Fowler acting as chaplains to the Primate. An address was given by Bishop Potter, of New York. This event recalls the memory of the "Pan-Anglican Synod," held at Lambeth in 1867, under the presidency of Archbishop Longley, and attended by more

than seventy Bishops of the Church of England and Ireland, and those of the Colonies and America. The Chapel, which is probably the oldest of the present buildings connected with the Archbishop's Palace—its erection being attributed to Archbishop Boniface, of Savoy, in the thirteenth century, who also built the great Hall, now used for the Library—is in the earliest style of English Pointed architecture. It is 72 ft. long, 25 ft. wide, and 30 ft. high, without aisles or transepts: with triple lancet-shaped windows at the sides, and with a large east window, set in massive masonry. The ancient stained glass, put there by Archbishop Morton, in the fifteenth century, presented a series of pictures of the whole religious history of

man from the Creation to the Day of Judgment, with spiritual types and antitypes; these windows, having been repaired by Laud, were destroyed by his Puritan adversaries in 1643, and the present windows are almost new, having been supplied by the late Archbishop Tait, with other decorations of the chapel. The handsome carved oak screen is a gift of Archbishop Laud, whose arms are emblazoned on the ceiling. The floor is paved with black and white marble. Archbishop Parker was interred, in 1575, in front of the communion table; his tomb was desecrated in 1648, when the chapel was misused as a hall of common entertainment, and his coffin was taken away, but was afterwards restored.

AUSTRIAN MILITARY PREPARATIONS.

The uneasy relations between the Imperial Governments of Austria and Russia have turned public attention to the proceedings of the War Department at Vienna, where indeed the main problem seems to be that of providing financially for the armament and equipment of the Landsturm or final reserve force. At the time when the Landsturm Bill was voted the situation was less strained than at present; and it was not anticipated that the new law would be so speedily applied. The cost of organising the Landsturm was consequently not included in this year's Budget. The calling out of troops now intended by the Government will not actually extend to the whole class of the population included in the Landsturm law; but there is amongst them an element of able-bodied men, most of whom have already served in the ranks, and who muster nearly 200,000 men; and it is deemed advisable that they should be available for active service in case of war. It is found in reference to the strength of the different armies in Europe, that the effective forces of this Empire are far less in number than those of Russia, Germany, or France. The military authorities are at the same time compelled to complete and improve the armaments of the standing army. Considerable interest has been manifested in military circles in the trials lately carried on at the Polygone, near Wiener Neustadt, with a Nordenfeldt forty-seven millimètres quick-firing gun mounted on a light field-carriage. Archdukes Albrecht and Wilhelm, Baron Beck, chief of the staff, General Kreutz, Admiral Sterneck, and about one hundred superior

officers of the artillery and engineers, were present on the first day, while Archduke Rainer and the staff officers of the Landsturm watched the experiments upon another occasion. The details of the trials will not be published, but we hear that they were successful, and that this gun will be adopted for fortifications, cavalry, and other field purposes. It is said that the shrapnel trials, at a distance of 2000 metres, produced a great impression. The moral effect must be prodigious, for fifteen to twenty of these shrapnels can be sighted and fired off in one minute, and each shrapnel contains forty-two leaden bullets.

The annual football matches between England and Ireland took place on Monday—one at Dublin, under Rugby rules, when the Irishmen were victorious; and the other at Sheffield, under Association rules, resulting in a victory for the English.

Sir Andrew B. Walker, Bart., of Liverpool, has signified his intention of subscribing £10,000 to the building fund of the Liverpool Cathedral. He hopes the scheme will be pushed forward, so that the foundation-stone of the building may be laid during the Jubilee year.

Sir Richard Temple, as Chancellor of the Exchequer for the London School Board, had a fairly satisfactory budget to present at its meeting on the 3rd inst. The school-rate, which has been leaping upward by kangaroo bounds, is reduced. An economy within the estimate had, he said, been effected to nearly £60,000, which represents a reduction of about a half-penny in the pound.

AN OFFICER KILLED IN BURMAH.

Among the British officers whose lives have recently been lost in the frequent conflicts with parties of "dacoits" or marauding banditti in Upper Burma, was Lieutenant Charles Brownlow Macdonald, R.N., First Lieutenant of H.M.S. Ranger, whose death, on the 9th ult., has been mentioned. He was born in 1856, second son of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald, of St. Martin's Abbey, Perthshire. He entered the service as a naval cadet in 1869; as a Midshipman of H.M.S. Charybdis he was engaged in a land expedition against the Malays at Perak, for which he received the Perak medal and clasp; he became Sub-Lieutenant in 1875, and Lieutenant in 1879. Having volunteered for service in Burma, he was noticed as doing efficient work, shortly before the occasion upon which he was killed. He had landed from the launch Forester, with a party of seamen, to pursue a band of dacoits near Shemaga, and was shot dead in the fight.

The memorial of the late Sir Charles Trevelyan, Bart., K.C.B., designed and executed by Mr. E. J. Physick, sculptor, has been erected in Cambo Churchyard, Northumberland.

An influential meeting of the Glasgow Merchants' House on Monday unanimously agreed to ask the Government to erect the Glasgow Royal Infirmary Medical School into a college of Glasgow University. The Lord Dean said the students of the school were too few for the infirmary, the cause being the great distance from the University.

DEATH.

At Boleskine House, Inverness-shire, on Jan. 31, 1887, Mrs. Janet Fraser Macpherson Fraser, widow of the late Archibald Thomas Frederick Fraser, of Abertarf, and great-grand-daughter of the Right Hon. Simon, eleventh Lord Lovat (of the '45).

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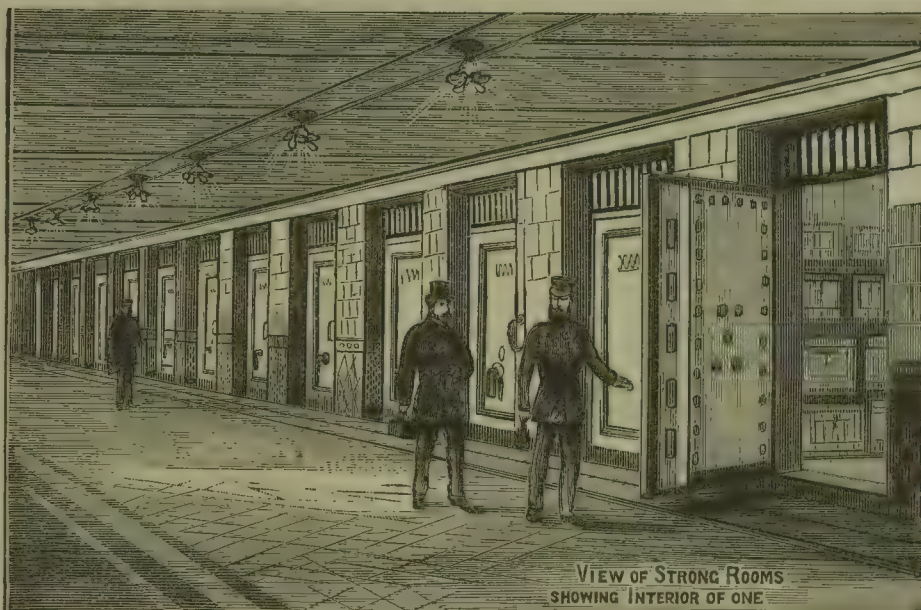
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DRAWN BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

"I want to see Mrs. Markham, and to know by what authority she is arrested," said Miss Keene, boldly.

THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR.*

BY BRET HARTE.

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

Miss Keene was awakened from a heavy sleep by a hurried shake of her shoulder and an indefinite feeling of alarm. Opening her eyes, she was momentarily dazed by the broad light of day, and the spectacle of Mrs. Brimmer, pale and agitated, in a half-Spanish *deshabillé*, standing at her bedside.

"Get up and dress yourself, my dear, at once," she said, hurriedly, but at the same time attentively examining Miss Keene's clothes, that were lying on the chair; "and thank Heaven you came here in an afternoon dress, and not in an evening costume like mine! For something awful has happened, and Heaven only knows whether we'll ever see a stitch of our clothes again."

"What has happened?" asked Miss Keene, impatiently, sitting up in bed, more alarmed at the unusual circumstance of Mrs. Brimmer's unfinished toilette than at her incomplete speech.

"What, indeed! Nobody knows; but it's something awful—a mutiny, or shipwreck, or piracy. But there's your friend, the Commander, calling out the troops; and such a set of Christy Minstrels you never saw before! There's the Alcalde summoning the Council; there's Mr. Banks raving, and running round for a steam-boat—as if these people ever heard of such thing!—and Captain Bunker, what with rage and drink, gone off in a fit of delirium tremens, and locked up in his room! And the Excelsior gone—the Lord knows where!"

"Gone!" repeated Miss Keene, hurrying on her clothes. "Impossible! What does Father Esteban tell you? What does Doña Isabel say?"

"That's the most horrible part of it! Do you know those wretched idiots believe it's some political revolution among ourselves, like their own miserable Government. I believe that baby Isabel thinks that King George and Washington have something to do with it; at any rate, they're anxious to know to what side you belong! So, for goodness sake! if you have to humour them, say we're all on the same side—I mean, don't you and Mrs. Markham go against Miss Chubb and me."

Scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry at Mrs. Brimmer's incoherent statement, Miss Keene hastily finished dressing as the door flew open to admit the impulsive Doña Isabel and

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her sister Juanita. The two Mexican girls threw themselves in Miss Keene's arms, and then suddenly drew back with a movement of bashful and diffident respect.

"Do, pray, ask them, for I daren't," whispered Mrs. Brimmer, trying to clasp a mantilla around her, "how this thing is worn, and if they haven't got something like a decent bonnet to lend me for a day or two?"

"The Señora has not then heard that her goods and all the goods of the Señores and Señoras have been discovered safely put ashore at the Embarcadero?"

"No?" said Mrs. Brimmer, eagerly.

"Ah, yes!" responded Doña Isabel. "Since the Señora is not of the revolutionary party."

Mrs. Brimmer cast a supplicatory look at Miss Keene, and hastily quitted the room. Miss Keene would have as quickly followed her, but the young Ramirez girls threw themselves again tragically upon her breast, and, with a mysterious gesture of silence, whispered,

"Fear nothing, Excellencia! We are yours—we will die for you, no matter what Don Ramon, or the Comandante, or the Ayuntamiento shall decide. Trust us, little one!—pardon—Excellencia, we mean."

"What is the matter?" said Miss Keene, now thoroughly alarmed, and releasing herself from the twining arms about her. "For Heaven's sake let me go! I must see somebody! Where is—where is Mrs. Markham?"

"The Markham? Is it the severe one?—as thus"—said Doña Isabel, striking an attitude of infantine portentousness.

"Yes," said Miss Keene, smiling in spite of her alarm.

"She is arrested."

"Arrested!" said Eleanor Keene, her cheeks aflame with indignation. "For what? Who dare do this thing?"

"The Comandante. She has a missive—a despatch from the insurrectionaries."

Without another word, and feeling that she could stand the suspense no longer, Miss Keene forced her way past the young girls, unheeding their cries of consternation and apology, and quickly reached the patio. A single glance showed her that Mrs. Brimmer was gone. With eyes and cheeks still burning, she swept past the astounded peons, through the gateway, into the open plaza. Only one idea filled her mind—to see the Commander and demand the release of her friend. How she should do it, with what arguments she should enforce her demand, never occurred to her. She did not even think of asking the assistance of Mr. Brace, Mr. Crosby, or any of her fellow-passengers. The consciousness

of some vague crisis that she alone could meet, possessed her completely.

The plaza was swarming with a strange rabble of peons and soldiery; of dark lowering faces, odd-looking weapons and costumes, mules, mustangs, and cattle—a heterogeneous mass, swayed by some fierce excitement. That she saw none of the Excelsior party among them did not surprise her; an instinct of some catastrophe more serious than Mrs. Brimmer's vague imaginings frightened but exalted her. With head erect, levelled brows, and bright, determined eyes she walked deliberately into the square. The crowd parted and gave way before this beautiful girl, with her bared head and its invincible crest of chestnut curls. Presently they began to follow her, with a compressed murmur of admiration, until, before she was half-way across the plaza, the sentries beside the gateway of the Presidio were astonished at the vision of a fair-haired and triumphant Pallas, who appeared to be leading the entire population of Todos Santos to victorious attack. In vain a solitary bugle blew, in vain the rolling drum beat an alarm, the sympathetic guard only presented arms as Miss Keene, flushed and excited, her eyes darkly humid with gratified pride, swept past them into the actual presence of the bewildered and indignant Comandante.

The only feminine consciousness she retained was that she was more relieved at her deliverance from the wild cattle and unbroken horses of her progress than from the Indians and soldiers.

"I want to see Mrs. Markham, and to know by what authority she is arrested," said Miss Keene, boldly.

"The Señor Comandante can hold no conference with you until you disperse your party," interpreted the secretary.

She was about to hurriedly reply that she knew nothing of the crowd that had accompanied her, but she was withheld by a newly-born instinct of tact.

"How do I know that I shall not be arrested, like my friend?" she said quickly. "She is as innocent as myself."

"The Comandante pledges himself, as a hidalgo, that you shall not be harmed."

Her first impulse was to advance to the nearest intruders at the gate and say, "Do go away, please;" but she was doubtful of its efficiency, and was already too exalted by the situation to be satisfied with its prosaic weakness. But her newly-developed diplomacy again came to her aid. "You may tell them so, if you choose, I cannot answer for them," she said, with apparent dark significance.

The secretary advanced on the corridor and exchanged a

few words with her more impulsive followers. Miss Keene, goddess-like and beautiful, remained erect behind him, and sent them a dazzling smile and ravishing wave of her little hand. The crowd roared with an effusive and bovine delight that half frightened her, and with a dozen "Viva la Reyna Americana!" she was hurried by the Comandante into the guard-room.

"You ask to know of what the Señora Markham is accused," said the Commander, more gently. "She has received correspondence from the pirate—Perkins!"

"The pirate—Perkins?" said Miss Keene, with indignant incredulity.

"The buccaneer who wrote that letter. Read it to her, Manuel."

The secretary took his eyes from the young girl's glowing face, coughed slightly, and then read as follows:—

"On board the Excelsior, of the Quinquinambo

"Independent States Navy, Aug. 8, 1854.

"To Captain Bunker.—Sir, . . ."

"But this is not addressed to *you*?" interrupted Miss Keene, indignantly.

"The Captain Bunker is a raving madman," said the Commander, gravely. "Read on!"

The colour gradually faded from the young girl's cheek as the secretary continued, in a monotonous voice,

"I have the honour to inform you that the barque Excelsior was, on the 8th of July, 1854, and the first year of the Quinquinambo Independence, formally condemned by the Federal Council of Quinquinambo, for having aided and assisted the enemy with munitions of war and supplies, against the law of nations, and the tacit and implied goodwill between the Republic of the United States and the struggling Confederacies of South America; and that, in pursuance thereof, and under the law of reprisals and letters of marque, was taken possession of by me yesterday. The goods and personal effects belonging to the passengers and yourself have been safely landed at the Embarcadero of Todos Santos—a neutral port—by my directions; my interpretation of the orders of the Federal Council excepting innocent non-combatants and their official protector from amercement or confiscation.

"I take the liberty of requesting you to hand the enclosed order on the Treasury of the Quinquinambo Confederate States to Don Miguel Briones, in payment of certain stores and provisions, and of a piece of ordnance known as the saluting cannon of the Presidio of Todos Santos. *Vigilancia!*

"Your obedient servant,

"LEONIDAS BOLIVAR PERKINS,

"Generalissimo Commanding Land and Sea Forces,
Quinquinambo Independent States."

In her consternation at this fuller realisation of the vague catastrophe, Miss Keene still clung to the idea that had brought her there.

"But Mrs. Markham has nothing to do with all this?"

"Then why does she refuse to give up her secret correspondence with the pirate Perkins?" returned the secretary.

Miss Keene hesitated. Had Mrs. Markham any previous knowledge of the Señor's real character?

"Why don't you arrest the men?" she said, scornfully. "There is Mr. Banks, Mr. Crosby, Mr. Winslow, and Mr. Brace." She uttered the last name more contemptuously, as she thought of that young gentleman's previous protestations and her present unprotected isolation.

"They are already arrested and removed to San Antonio, a league hence," returned the secretary. "It is fact enough that they have confessed that their Government has seized the Mexican province of California, and that they are on their way to take possession of it."

Miss Keene's heart sank.

"But you knew all this yesterday," she faltered; "and our war with Mexico is all over years ago."

"We did not know it last night at the banquet. Señora; nor would we have known it but for this treason and division in your own party."

A sudden light flashed upon Miss Keene's mind. She now comprehended the advances of Doña Isabel. Extravagant and monstrous as it seemed, these people evidently believed that a revolution had taken place in the United States, that the two opposing parties had been represented by the passengers of the Excelsior; and that one party had succeeded, headed by the indomitable Perkins. If she could be able to convince them of their blunder, would it be wise to do so? She thought of Mrs. Brimmer's supplication to be ranged "on her side," and realised, with feminine quickness, that the situation might be turned to her countrymen's advantage. But which side had Todos Santos favoured? It was left to her woman's wit to discover this, and conceive a plan to rescue her helpless companions.

Her suspense was quickly relieved. The Commander and his secretary exchanged a few words:

"The Comandante will grant Doña Leonora's request," said the secretary, "if she will answer a question."

"What is it?" responded Miss Keene, with inward trepidation.

"The Señora Markham is perhaps beloved by the Pirate Perkins?"

In spite of her danger, in spite of the uncertain fate hanging over her party, Miss Keene could with difficulty repress a half hysterical inclination to laugh. Even then, it escaped in a sudden twinkle of her eye, which both the Commander and his subordinate were quick to notice, as she replied demurely, "Perhaps."

It was enough for the Commander. A gleam of antique archness and venerable railery lit up his own murky tobacco-coloured pupils; a spasm of gallantry crossed the face of the secretary.

"Ah—what would you?—it is the way of the world," said the Commander. "We comprehend. Come!"

He led the way across the corridor, and suddenly opened a small barred door. Whatever preconceived idea Miss Keene may have had of her unfortunate countrywoman immured in a noisome cell, and guarded by a stern jailer, was quite dissipated by the soft misty sunshine that flowed in through the open door. The prison of Mrs. Markham was a part of the old glacis which had been allowed to lapse into a wild garden that stretched to the edge of the sea. There was a summer-house built on, and partly from, a crumbling bastion, and here, under the shade of tropical creepers, the melancholy captive was comfortably writing, with her portable desk on her knee and a travelling bag at her feet. A Saratoga trunk of obtrusive proportions stood in the centre of the peaceful vegetation, like a newly raised altar to an unknown deity. The only suggestion of martial surveillance was an Indian soldier, whose musket, reposing on the ground near Mrs. Markham, he had exchanged for the rude mattock with which he was quietly digging.

The two women, with a cry of relief, flew into each other's arms. The Commander and his secretary discreetly retired to an angle of the wall.

"I find everything as I left it, my dear, even to my slipper-bag," said Mrs. Markham. "They've forgotten nothing."

"But you are a captive?" said Eleanor. "What does it mean?"

"Nothing, my dear. I gave them a piece of my mind," said Mrs. Markham, looking, however, as if that mental offering had by no means exhausted her capital. "And I have written six pages to the Governor at Mazatlan, and a full account to Mr. Markham."

"And they won't get them in thirty years!" said Miss Keene, impetuously. "But where is this letter from Señor Perkins. And, for Heaven's sake, tell me if you had the least suspicion before of anything that has happened."

"Not in the least. The man is mad, my dear, and, I really believe, driven so by that absurd Illinois woman's poetry. Did you ever see anything so ridiculous—and shameful, too—as the 'Ulricardo' business? I don't wonder he coloured so."

Miss Keene winced with annoyance. Was everybody going crazy, or was there anything in this catastrophe that had enfeebled only the minds of her countrywomen! But here was the severe, strong-minded Mrs. Markham actually preoccupied, like Mrs. Brimmer, with utterly irrelevant particulars, and apparently powerless to grasp the fact that they were abandoned on a half-hostile strand, and cut off by half a century from the rest of the world.

"As to the letter," said Mrs. Markham, quietly, "there it is. There's nothing in it that might not have been written by a friend."

Miss Keene took the letter. It was written in a delicate, almost feminine hand. She could not help noticing that in one or two instances corrections had been made and blots carefully removed with an eraser.

"Midnight, on the Excelsior."

"My Friend,—When you receive this I shall probably be once more on the bosom of that mysterious and mighty element whose majesty has impressed us, whose poetry we have loved, and whose moral lessons, I trust, have not been entirely thrown away upon us. I go to the deliverance of one of those oppressed nations whose history I have often recited to you, and in whose destiny you have from time to time expressed a womanly sympathy. While it is probable, therefore, that my *motives* may not be misunderstood by you, or even other dear friends of the Excelsior, it is by no means impossible that the celerity and unexpectedness of my *action* may not be perfectly appreciated by the careless mind, and may seem to require some explanation. Let me then briefly say that the idea of debarking your goods and chattels, and parting from your delightful company at Todos Santos, only occurred to me on our unexpected—shall I say *Providential*?—arrival at that spot; and the necessity of expedition forbade me either inviting your co-operation or soliciting your confidence. Human intelligence is variously constituted—or, to use a more homely phrase, 'many men have many minds'—and it is not impossible that a premature disclosure of my plans might have jeopardised that harmony which you know it has been my desire to promote. It was my original intention to have landed you at Mazatlan, a place really inferior in climate and natural attractions to Todos Santos, although, perhaps, more easy of access and egress; but the presence of an American steamer in the offing would have invested my enterprise with a certain publicity foreign, I think, to all our tastes. Taking advantage, therefore, of my knowledge of the Peninsular Coast, and the pardonable ignorance of Captain Bunker, I endeavoured, through my faithful subordinates, to reach a less known port, and a coast rarely frequented by reason of its prevailing fog. Here occurred one of those dispensations of an over-ruling power which, dear friend, we have so often discussed. We fell in with an unknown current, and were guided by a mysterious hand into the bay of Todos Santos!

"You know of my belief in the infinite wisdom and benignity of events; you have, dear friend, with certain feminine limitations, shared it with me. Could there have been a more perfect illustration of it than the power that led us here? On a shore, historic in interest, beautiful in climate, hospitable in its people, utterly freed from external influences, and absolutely without a compromising future, you are landed, my dear friend, with your youthful companions. From the crumbling ruins of a decaying Past you are called to construct an Arcadia of your own; the rudiments of a new civilisation are within your grasp; the cost of existence is comparatively trifling; the various sums you have with you, which even in the chaos of revolution I have succeeded in keeping intact, will more than suffice to your natural wants for years to come. Were I not already devoted to the task of freeing Quinquinambo, I should willingly share this Elysium with you all. But, to use the glowing words of Mrs. M'Corkle, slightly altering the refrain—

Ah, stay me not! With flying feet
O'er desert sands, I rush to greet
My fate, my love, my life, my sweet
Quinquinambo!

"I venture to intrust to your care two unpublished manuscripts of that gifted woman. The dangers that may environ my present mission, the vicissitudes of battle by sea or land, forbid my imperilling their natural descent to posterity. You, my dear friend, will preserve them for the ages to come, occasionally refreshing yourself, from time to time, from that Parnassian spring.

"Adieu! my friend. I look around the familiar cabin and miss your gentle faces. I feel as Jason might have felt, alone on the deck of the Argo when his companions were ashore, except that I know of no Circean influences to mar their destiny. In examining the state-rooms to see if my orders for the complete restoration of passengers' property had been carried out, I allowed myself to look into yours. Lying alone, forgotten and overlooked, I saw a peculiar jet hair-pin which I think I have observed in the coils of your tresses. May I venture to keep this gentle instrument as a reminder of the superior intellect it has so often crowned? Adieu, my friend,

"Ever yours,

"LEONIDAS BOLIVAR PERKINS."

"Well?" said Mrs. Markham, impatiently, as Miss Keene remained motionless with the letter in her hand.

"It seems like a ridiculous nightmare! I can't understand it at all. The man that wrote this letter may be mad—but he is neither a pirate nor a thief—and yet?"

"He a pirate?" echoed Mrs. Markham, indignantly, "he's nothing of the kind! Why, it's not even his *fault*!"

"Not his fault?" repeated Miss Keene, "are you mad, too?"

"No—nor a fool! my dear! Don't you see? It's all the fault of Banks and Brimmer for compromising the vessel: of that stupid drunken captain for permitting it. Señor Perkins is a liberator, a patriot, who has perilled himself and his country to treat us magnanimously. Don't you see it? It's like that Banks and that Mrs. Brimmer to call *him* a pirate! I've a good mind to give the Commander my opinion of *them*."

"Hush!" said Miss Keene, with a sudden recollection of the Commander's suspicions, "for Heaven's sake: you do not know what you are saying! Look! they were talking with that strange man, and now they are coming this way."

The Commander and his secretary approached them. They were both more than usually grave; but the look of inquiry

and suspicion with which they regarded the two women was gone from their eyes.

"The Señor Comandante says you are free, Señoras, and begs you will only decide whether you will remain his guests, or the guests of the Alcalde. But, for the present, he cannot allow you any communication with the prisoners of San Antonio."

"There is further news?" said Miss Keene, faintly, with a presentiment of worse complications.

"There is! A body, from the Excelsior, has been washed on shore."

The two women turned pale.

"In the pocket of the murdered man is an accusation against one, Señor Hurlstone, who was concealed on the ship; who came not ashore openly with the other passengers, but who escaped in secret, and is now hiding somewhere in Todos Santos."

"And you suspect him of this infamous act?" said Eleanor, forgetting all prudence in her indignation. "You are deceiving yourself. He is as innocent as I am!"

The Commander and the secretary smiled sapiently, but gently. "The Señor Comandante believes you, Doña Leonora: the Señor Hurlstone is innocent of the piracy. He is, of a surety, the leader of the Opposition!"

(To be continued.)

EMIGRATING TO AUSTRALIA.

The several Colonies of Australia, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, and West Australia, with Tasmania and the more important Colony of New Zealand, constitute a new British world in the Southern Hemisphere, with a population of three millions and a quarter, inhabiting territories which altogether nearly approach the whole extent of Europe, possessing aggregate resources of productive wealth, pastoral, agricultural, and mineral, and of remunerative commerce, exceeding that of any European nation except Great Britain. There is room for ten times the present population in these colonies, and they contain ample materials, in their soil, their pastures, and their metallic stores, for the employment of thirty millions of people. If any result in human affairs is certain or even likely, it is that British Australasia will have attained that amount of population within the lifetime of young persons who are now emigrating, yearly by many thousands, to that favoured region. Possibly, by the time of the next centenary, which will be a hundred years hence, the first settlement in Australia having taken place in 1787, those Colonies or States will be equal, in every respect, to the present United States of America, which may by that time have doubled their existing population. Emigration to Australia and New Zealand, as now carried on, is therefore one of the most important movements in the history of civilisation; only less important than the continued stream of English, Irish, Scotch, German, Swedish, and Norwegian emigrants to North America, where Canada and the Western States of the Great Republic invite their settlement with a boundless extent of fertile lands, and with the advantages of nearer access to Europe and of larger political and commercial union. These considerations are not to be disregarded by those who emigrate with a view to the future welfare of their children and their children's children, which is the genuine spirit and motive of colonisation.

Such a prospect cannot fail, in the minds of thoughtful men and women, to strengthen their courage against the slight temporary hardships of a voyage, enduring several weeks in the case of the passage from London to Australia, which is incomparably less perilous and less uncomfortable than it was thirty years ago. With the magnificent steam-ships of the Orient Line, the New Zealand Shipping Company's Line, the Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company's line, and others, it is punctually accomplished in six weeks; and the sailing clippers, which have excellent accommodation, conveying emigrants under official supervision, in many cases, for the Colonial Governments, perform the voyage within eighty days. Although disasters, like the recent loss of the Kapunda by a collision off the coast of Brazil, where three hundred people unhappily perished, are still among the risks of any voyage at sea, whether it be a long or a short voyage, it must not be forgotten that all travelling, by land as well as by water, is attended with some risk of accident.

These remarks are suitable in presenting to our readers a few Sketches of scenes on board an emigrant-ship bound to Australia; the first of which, "Good-bye," represents the farewell salutations of sisters or other lady friends to the young men clambering from the steam-boat, at Tilbury or Gravesend, up the side of the large vessel which will convey them to Melbourne or Sydney; while the next business, getting the numbered billets for their berths at the purser's office, is shown in another Illustration. Men, women, and children, the families keeping closely together, crowd over the deck, some fussy, excited, and anxious, others with a listless and helpless air of being managed like a flock of sheep; a few silently weeping, because they have parted, it may be for life, from those most dear to them; but many more intent on looking after their boxes and bundles, while others lounge carelessly at the side, looking at the bright and lively scene on the Thames, with the numerous anchored ships, the boats gliding to and fro, and the pleasant rural scene on each bank of the river.

Sea sickness, an outrageous and cruel infliction, which we cannot attempt to palliate, will have its victims in the Bay of Biscay if not in the Channel; but most of the sufferers will be free from it, in tolerable weather, after a week or ten days. The open Atlantic, or the Mediterranean, and the Indian Ocean, either after emerging from the Red Sea or passing round the Cape, afford much delightful enjoyment of the purest air, the loveliest morning and evening skies, and the heaving plain of sunlit azure, hiding depths of thousands of fathoms of mysterious water, teeming with myriads of forms of animal life. Many persons of susceptible imagination, though unread in poetry and science, are filled with awe and with joy at the marvellous spectacle daily renewed in their steady course, which still brings them nearer to "the desired haven." There will, however, be some disagreeable changes when they have got into more southern latitudes, some forty degrees beyond the Equator, where gales of wind, and tumultuous swellings of the vast ocean there encircling the globe, toss the vessel about like a mere plaything of elemental forces. It is a sad trouble at meal-times, when plates, cups and saucers dance wildly on the sloping table, the loaves are shot from the basket at the heads of the eaters, and one is soured with the warm tea from his own tin mug, altogether spoiling the morning breakfast. These annoyances, however, are not accompanied with any real danger; there is nothing to cause serious alarm even in a storm on the open sea, with a ship so good, so well provided, and so well manned and officered, as those of the Australian lines generally are. The day comes at last, probably off Cape Leeuwin, West Australia, when the land of promise is discerned on the far horizon, and is hailed by the emigrants with happy mutual congratulations at the approaching end of their voyage.

MR. BROWNING'S NEW POEM.

There are fashions in poetry as well as in music and painting, and the peculiarities that delight a poet's age frequently destroy his reputation in the next. This was the case with the most popular poet of the seventeenth century, and "Who now reads Cowley?" was Pope's comment upon him in the early years of the eighteenth. We must hope, and can reasonably hope, that this will not be the case with Mr. Browning, whose eccentricities (so dear to his devotees) are all the more irritating when we call to mind how lucidly and with what harmony he can write when it pleases him to do so. The numerous societies in England and the Colonies that endeavour to explain Mr. Browning's obscurities will find some scope for their labours in *Parleyings with Certain Persons of Importance in their Day* (Smith, Elder). These persons are De Mandeville, Bartoli, Smart (the mad poet), Bubb Doddington, Furini (a painter of the nude), De Lairese (a blind painter), and Avison (a Newcastle organist).

In the choice of these people, as in the poet's method of addressing them, we recognise Mr. Browning's habit of pursuing what is singular and grotesque. The poem is full of masterly strokes, of subtle thought, and of high purpose. As in all this poet's works, there is the utterance of a splendid intellect and a generous nature; but here, as elsewhere, we look in vain, save in rare passages, for that soul of harmony which gives life to verse. Without much obvious reason, the book opens with a dialogue between Apollo and the Fates, full of matter, but in expression singularly harsh and crabbed. For example, Apollo says, addressing the Fates—

Who works this but Zeus? Are not instinct and impulse,
Not concept and incept his work through Man's soul
On Man's sense? Just as wine ere it reach brain must brim pulse,
Zeus' flash stings the mind that speeds body to goal,
Bids pause at no part, but press on, reach the whole.

There is probably no conspicuous poet who has done so much, and with so steadfast an aim, to prevent the enjoyment of his work as Mr. Browning. At his best he is able to satisfy intellect, heart, and sometimes even ear; at his worst, he supplies nuts to crack, upon which his faithful followers expend much pious labour. The growth of evil side by side with good is the theme of the address to Mandeville, whose Fable of the Bees has, perhaps, been misunderstood. In this address there are some curious lines, and many fine ones just roughened sufficiently to remind us of the author. Bartoli, a learned Jesuit, who wrote a history of his order, is told by the poet that there may be fully as much of true saintliness in the world as is to be found in any monastic body, and he illustrates this by the story of a lovely woman, the daughter of a chemist, whom a Duke resolves to marry. The ministers of the King tell her that if he does this he must renounce his dukedom, which will be so much to the King's content that she, the druggist's daughter, will be welcomed at Court. If he will not do so, instead of marriage, her doom must be perpetual seclusion. The paper which, if signed, will secure her happiness, is placed in her hands, and she asks the Duke to allow her to tear it to pieces, and save his honour:—

Read this, and bid me rend to rags the shame!
I and your conscience—hear and grant our claim!
Never dare alienate God's gift you hold
Simply in trust for Him! Choose muck for gold?
Could you so stumble in your choice, cajoled
By what I count my least of worthiness—
The youth, the beauty,—you renounce them—yes,
With all that's most, too; love as well you lose,
Slain by what stays in you the honour! Choose!
Dear—yet my husband—dare I love you yet?

Christopher Smart, the poet, who, as Johnson relates, walked for exercise to the ale-house, but was carried back, wrote a good deal of verse, but only one fine poem; and this fact suggests Mr. Browning's "parleying" with him. The poet relates how he explored a huge house, every room of which gave signs of decent taste and safe mediocrity. Suddenly, all was changed; he pushed a door and, entering a chapel, passed

Into a presence that turned shine to shade.
There fronted me the Rafael Mother-Maid,
Never to whom knelt votarist in shrine
By Nature's bonny helped, by Art's divine,
More varied—beauty with magnificence—
Than this; from floor to roof one evidence
Of how far earth may rival Heaven.

After witnessing all this beauty he continues his search, and finds, in the next room—

Calm commonplace, which neither missed nor hit,
Inch-high, inch-low, the placid mark proposed.

In this parable he diagnoses the case of Smart, a commonplace poet, and yet one who sang—

A song whose flute-breath silvers trumpet-clang,
And stations you for once on either hand
With Milton and with Kents, empowered to claim
Affinity on just one point.

And Mr. Browning asks, without answering the question, how the fact is to be explained—

That here a poet was who always could—
Never before did—never after would—
Achieve the feat?

Furini, a Florentine painter of the nude, is said, on his death-bed, to have ordered all his undraped pictures to be destroyed. Mr. Browning will not believe the legend; for Furini was chaste in spirit and worked with a high purpose, and "the dear fleshly perfection of the human shape" was apportioned him "whereby to praise Heaven and bless earth." In a prayer, put into the painter's mouth, he says:—

No gift but, in the very plenitude
Of its perfection, goes maimed, misconstrued
By wickedness or weakness; still, some few
Have grace to see Thy purpose, strength to mar
Thy work by no admixture of their own—
Linn truth, not falsehood, bid us love alone
The type untampered with, the naked star!

Much should we like, did space admit, to quote largely from this parley, which contains some beautiful passages—notably one on Joan of Arc—but we must pass on to Gerard De Lairese, a Flemish artist, who became blind and wrote a book about art. The descriptive passages here show with what admirable precision and poetical feeling Mr. Browning can represent the aspects of Nature—the crashing storm among the mountains; the morning light turning the granite ridge to gold; the earth distant with moisture; and the sunny noon, when—

Nor a spray nor leaf,
Nor herb, nor blossom, but has rendered up
Its morning dew,

and the sky is one blaze of fierce immitigable blue which no bird "ventures to spot by passage." Charles Avison, "whileom of Newcastle, organist," having written an air that pleases Mr. Browning, has new life given to him, or is saved from total oblivion by the poet.

There is no truer truth obtainable
By Man than comes of music—

is one of the sayings that suggest discussion, and there are others, weighty with thought if not poetically beautiful, that we would gladly quote. This only must we say in conclusion, that Mr. Browning's hopeful spirit in a pessimistic age, his faith in an age of doubt, and the wealth of intellect which in this volume, as in all his writings, is so freely lavished, entitle these "Parleyings" to that careful perusal which all verse, "worthy the reading," demands from the student of poetry.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
J P (Dorking).—The little book came safely to hand. It shall have due honours.
PILGRIM (Blackpool).—No. 2230 cannot be solved as you propose. The printed solution is the "only way."
R L (Woodford).—No. 2229 cannot be solved by 1. R takes Q.
G H B (Ventnor).—Many thanks for copy of your tourney rules.
HARVEY (Oxford).—No. 2232 appears to have puzzled many of our regular solvers. Of course, you were not deceived by the plausibility of 1. P to B 5th.
C E (Earl's-court).—See answer to "Pilgrim."
J A (Berk-hire).—Very few of our readers would look at a four-move problem with twenty pieces on the board, and yours is therefore unsuitable.
A F M (Chester).—Thanks; the problem shall be examined.
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2228 received from W F Meehan (Boston, U.S.A.); of No. 2229, and Nos. 1 and 3 Chess Nuts, from E Carney Junior (Nebraska, U.S.A.); of 2231 from Emile Frau, F E Gibbins (Tiffin, Old Lady (New Jersey); of 2232 from Emile Frau, Charles K Hattersley, T J Seven, Lieutenant-Colonel Loraine, R H Brooks; of 2233 from Emile Frau, Marion Gurney, T G (Ware), P R Gibbs, E J Gibbs Junior, H Wormald, R Worters, W Vernon Arnold, Rev. J T (Manorbier), J A Schmucke, Caledonia, G H Brittain, Columbus, W A P, and Charles K Hattersley; of Chess Nut No. 2 from F O Sibbald (Ontario).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2234 received from Digits, H Reeve, Sergeant James Sage, H W. R. L., E Louden, E Featherstone, Columbus, O. Oswald, J K (South Hampstead), R L Southwell, E Elsbury, L Wyman, T Roberts, L Sharswood, E nest Sharswood, John F Wilkinson, H Lucas, S Bullen, J Eymor, B Casella (Paris), T G (Ware), R Tweedell, Caledonia, Joseph Ainsworth, W Heathcote, Otto Fulder (Ghent), N S Harris, C D Fragh, R F N Binks, E E H, Jupiter Junior, Bosworth House, W Hillier, L Falcon (Antwerp), Harward, R Worters, A G Hunt, Oliver Iceland, W A P, Ben Nevits, Shadforth, G W Law, R H Brooks, W R Radley, W Biddle, C E P, North-Bac, Thomas Chow, Thomas Letchford, and James Wemyss Junior.

NOTE.—Correspondents will please note that this problem cannot be solved, as many of them appear to have supposed, by 1. P to B 5th. Black has a good reply to that line of attack in 1. B to Q 5th, pinning the White Knight.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2233.

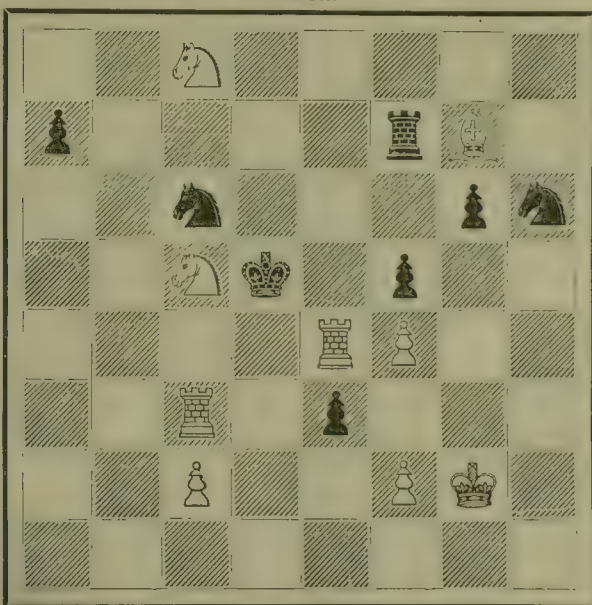
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 7th B moves*
2. R (Kt 6th) to Kt sq Any move
3. Q or R mates accordingly.

* If Black move the Rook on the first move, White continues with 2. R takes P (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2236.

By JAMES PIERCE, M.A.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

A new chess column has been commenced in the *Hornet*, edited by the Rev. Mr. Skipworth. A proof-sheet received from Mr. Skipworth contains the following excellent game, played, a few days ago, in London, between Messrs. W. H. K. POLLOCK and BURN. The notes are by Mr. Pollock:

(Scott's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th P takes P
4. Kt takes P P to K Kt 3rd
This defence is unsatisfactory if properly met. It seeks to bring about a position (if the Three Knights' game).
5. Kt takes Kt Kt P takes Kt
6. B to Q 4th B to K Kt 2nd
7. Kt to B 3rd Kt to K 2nd
The best defence here is 7. P to Q 3rd, followed by 8. Kt to K B 3rd.
8. B to K 3rd Castles
9. Q to Q 2nd R to K sq
10. Castles (Q R) P to Q R 4th
11. P to K R 4th P to R 5th
12. P to R 5th P to R 6th
13. K R P takes P P takes P (ch)
14. K to Kt sq Kt takes P
On viewing the position after this move of Pawn, the Black King will be found to be the chief sufferer.
15. B to Q 4th Kt to K 4th
16. B to Kt 3rd P to Q 3rd
17. P to B 4th Kt to Kt 5th
18. B takes B K takes B
19. P to B 5th
Threatening to win at once by 20. Q to B 4th, and if, then, 20. Kt to K 4th, 21. R takes P (ch), K takes R; 22. R to R sq (ch), K to Kt sq; 23. Q to B 6th, &c.
19. Q to B 4th Kt to K 4th
20. Q to Kt 3rd (ch) K to B sq
If 21. K to R square, mate in eight moves.
22. R takes R P B to R 3rd
23. R to Q 5th

An article on the Scotch Gambit, by Mr. Blake, of Southampton, will appear in Part III. of the "Book of the Counties Chess Association," which will be issued in about a week. In the same number will appear a letter on chess matters from Professor Ruskin.
Mr. James Pierce, M.A., the well-known composer of chess problems, has published a collection of "Stanzas and Sonnets," which include some happy thoughts on the subject of chessplaying. It is a handsome little volume, published by Longmans, Green, and Co.
A new chess club has been established at Lewes, Sussex, and already numbers about fifty members. We wish it every success. Any person desirous of joining should communicate with the secretary, Mr. G. Weaver, 10, Little East-street, Lewes.
We regret to learn that the projected friendly match between the Rev. Mr. Skipworth and Mr. Burn has been postponed indefinitely. Mr. Burn writes that Mr. Skipworth must consider the match "among the things that might have been." Most amateurs will be extremely sorry to hear this piece of bad news, and will hope that Mr. Burn may yet find time to carry out his original intention.
On Saturday last a match between Cambridge University Club and a team of the City of London Club was played at Cambridge. The University was represented by four dons and six undergraduates, and the City by three second-class and seven third-class amateurs. Two games were adjudicated, one a draw, the other a win for Cambridge. The final result of the match was an equal score of five points to each side.
We greatly regret to record the sudden death of Mr. Bexley Vansittart, of Rome, at the early age of thirty-five. Mr. Vansittart is remembered in London chess circles as one of the representatives of Italian chess in the London tournament of 1883. He was namesake and grand-nephew of Lord Bexley, Chancellor of the Exchequer of England some seventy years ago, and inherited much of his grand-uncle's remarkable capacity for figures and finance. Mr. Vansittart died on Jan. 22 last, the cause—disease of the heart.

Permission has been given, by the Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings, for Westminster Hall to be reopened to Volunteer corps for purposes of drill.

THE WORKS OF MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Our readers are aware that Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., has recently offered to present some of his finest works to the nation if the nation will have them. To enable the public to judge whether the gift is worthy of acceptance several of the pictures are now on view at the South Kensington Museum, and Mr. Watts has kindly allowed us to assist the public in coming to a decision, by publishing an engraving of one of the works thus offered for national acceptance. Mr. Watts's noble gift is in harmony with the high purpose of his whole artistic career. He has never painted for popularity, but has followed out his own ideal with consistent fidelity, and even his severest critics must admire his earnestness and sincerity.

George Frederick Watts was born in London in 1818. At an early age he decided to make art his profession, and, unassisted by any art teaching, he made such progress as enabled him in 1837 to exhibit in the Royal Academy "A Wounded Heron," and two portraits, which attracted a good deal of attention and interest; an interest that has since steadily increased. Several portraits, and pictures illustrating scenes from Shakespeare followed, to strengthen the already favourable impression he had created, and in 1843 he was awarded a prize in the cartoon competition for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, which enabled him to study for four years in Rome. While abroad, Mr. Watts painted several pictures; one of which, "King Alfred Inciting the Saxons to Prevent the Landing of the Danes," gained a prize in the second Westminster Hall Competition, and resulted in a commission to paint the picture "St. George Overcomes the Dragon," which now hangs in the upper waiting-hall in the palace of Westminster.

It has always been Mr. Watts's aim to assist in any work to bring art nearer to the daily life of the nation, and with this in view he has devoted much of his time to fresco painting, the fresco in the new Hall of Lincoln's Inn being a noticeable example of his work.

In 1867 the Royal Academy, very contrary to its usual custom, elected Mr. Watts first Associate, and then Member of their body, without the usual nomination as a candidate for the honour, which the artist at first declined, but was afterwards persuaded to accept.

By this time Mr. Watts was regarded as the first portrait painter of the day, and the list of his sitters includes many names that will live in history. Several of these portraits form part of the collection of paintings so generously offered by the artist to the nation. In this collection is "Love and Death," the picture Mr. Watts has permitted us to engrave, and it is, with others, now on view at South Kensington.

In this picture, Love is depicted striving vainly at the door of the House of Life to resist the entrance of Death, whose majestic figure pushes aside the poor little guardian, crushing his bright wings against the door-post; the sentinel, who hitherto has proved himself strong enough to dispel all other ill, struggles now ineffectually, terror and despair written upon his beautiful upturned face. Mr. Watts's delineation of Death, the grand figure in its grey-blue draperies, although expressing irresistible strength and power, differs widely from the conventional representations of ghastly skeletons and horrible phantoms.

"Love and Life" is another of Mr. Watts's allegorical pictures now at South Kensington. Here Love is symbolised by the strong young figure of a man, with beautiful many-coloured wings, helping up a rocky, difficult path Life, a slender fragile girl, who, looking only into the face of Love, is enabled to endure hardships from which, unaided, she would have shrunk despairingly. The design of "Time, Death, and Judgment," one of the most important of Mr. Watts's pictures, has been already reproduced in mosaic on the wall of St. Jude's Church, Whitechapel. Time, beautiful and strong in his undying youth, holding in his hand the emblematic scythe, moves on, irresistible and undelaying, hand in hand with Death, a beautiful woman, who carries, gathered up in her white draperies, many-coloured flowers and faded leaves—the harvest of Time and Death. Behind advances Judgment, a brilliant figure in flame-coloured robes, holding aloft the scales of inevitable justice.

To describe at any length or with any justice this great painter's work is here impossible; but, hanging on the well-lighted staircase in the South Kensington Museum, a large number of Mr. Watts's most important pictures are within the reach of all who desire to form a just estimate of his genius. Among others, not already mentioned, of those at South Kensington, are "Hope," exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery last year, and doubtless fresh in the memory of all, and "Mammon," dedicated to his worshippers. The latter represents a horrible ghoul-like creature, gorgeous in gold and purple, sitting in the chair of power; at his feet are two figures, those of a slender delicate girl and a boy; the hideous foot of Mammon rests upon the latter, while the girl's head is weighed down by his heavy hand. These works also form part of the collection Mr. Watts so generously offers to the nation, not to be placed in the National Gallery, but to be distributed among different institutions all over the country, as may be most beneficial to the nation at large. Many portraits, the list of which contains the names of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Lord Tennison, Thomas Carlyle, Robert Browning, Garibaldi, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Frederick Leighton, Lord Lytton, Cardinal Manning, Lord Shaftesbury, Viscount Sherbrooke, and one of Mr. Watts himself, are to be presented to the National Portrait Gallery.

As may be seen, Mr. Watts is an idealist in the highest sense; to him, as to the ancient masters, art is above all things a teacher, a medium for the inspiration and elevation of the toiling, hard working many, not to be reserved for the amusement and pleasure of the idle and luxurious few. For this reason, therefore, his subjects have always been chosen more for the sublime nature of their motive and moral, than for any superficial interest that might obtain for them a passing popularity; and although the grand dignity, almost Greek in its statuesqueness, of his design, and calm beauty of his colour cannot fail, of itself, to satisfy and charm the most careless observer, the deep philosophic teaching and poetic allegory to be found beneath the mere external beauty of his pictures are an ever-increasing delight to the thoughtful student. It has been Mr. Watts's habit to keep many of his pictures for several years in his studio, in order that, working on them according as he feels in the mood for each subject, he may bestow on each one the careful thought and harmonious feeling so apparent in his finished work. A different method, indeed, to that employed by so many artists of the present day, whose studios are little more than workshops, and whose idea of an art exhibition is an agency for selling their pictures. An artist who in these days devotes his life to painting pictures, not for his own material gain, but for the benefit of the world at large and posterity, is, alas! so rare as to be almost unknown; but Mr. Watts's magnificent gift to the nation, the artist hopes, and all art-lovers hope, is the beginning of a new era, when the art of the nation shall become part of the national life. When our great painters and sculptors begin to imitate Mr. Watts in his generosity and singleness of purpose, we may hope to win for England a name that may, in the future, emulate the glories of Florence and Venice.



EMIGRANTS GOING TO AUSTRALIA.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish Probate, under seal of the principal Registry, Dublin, of the will (dated April 20, 1835) of Sir John Fiennes Twisleton Crampton, Bart., K.C.B., late of Bushey Park, Enniskerry, in the county of Wicklow, who died on Dec. 5 last, granted to Philip Crampton Smyly, M.D., and William Burroughs Stanley, two of the surviving executors, was resealed in London on the 26th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £104,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real, freehold, and personal estate and effects, whatsoever and wheresoever, to his two sisters, Mrs. Adelaide Jephson and Miss Selina Crampton, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 8, 1885) of the Hon. Almarus Kenelm Digby, late of Minterne, Cerne Abbas, Dorset, and of No. 39, Belgrave-square, who died on Dec. 13, at Longford Castle, Wilts, was proved on the 18th ult. by Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Edward Henry Trafalgar Digby, the brother, and Richard Marker, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his nephew, Edward Marker; and complimentary legacies to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one half, to his sister, the Hon. Mary Theresa Digby; and the other half between his brothers, the Hon. Everard Charles Digby and the Hon. Gerard Fitzmaurice Digby.

The will (dated Sept. 28, 1882), of Lady Margaret Harriet Bourke, late of Hampton Court Palace, who died on Dec. 29 last, was proved on the 24th ult., by the Hon. and Rev. George Wingfield Bourke, the brother, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testatrix gives a certain sum of £5935, upon trust, for her brother, the said George Wingfield Bourke, for life, then for his widow, for life, and then for his son Walter Longley Bourke; and £1000 each to her brother the Hon. Charles Bourke, her niece Lady Eva Constance Aline Bourke, and her niece and god-daughter, Anne Kathleen Bourke. She appoints her said brother, the Hon. and Rev. George Wingfield Bourke, residuary legatee.

The will (dated Dec. 18, 1882), of Mr. Bartholomew Samuel Rowley Adam, late of the Manor House, Knowle-green, Staines, who died on Nov. 25 last, at the Parliament Office, House of Lords, was proved on the 25th ult. by Henry Oakley, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £57,000. The testator gives his wines and consumable stores to his wife, Mrs. Harriet Larke Adam; his house in the Terrace, Kennington Park, with the furniture and effects, and

certain securities given to him by her husband, to his daughter Mrs. Harriet Ann Collinson; £100 to his daughter Mrs. Alice Susan Forbes; and legacies to his executors. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death there are some specific gifts to his daughters and to grand-sons, and a legacy to a god-son; and as to the ultimate residue, he leaves two thirds, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Forbes, and her family, and one third, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Collinson, and her family.

The will (dated May 22, 1883) of Miss Ann Clowes, late of No. 67, Oxford-terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 18 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by the Rev. George Stewart Whitlock, the Rev. John Aston Whitlock, and the Rev. Aston Legh Whitlock, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testatrix bequeaths her furniture, plate, and household effects to her sister, Mrs. Frances Whitlock; £10,000 New Three per Cents to her cousin, Mrs. Catherine Russell; £50 each to the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, the London City Mission, the Colonial and Continental Church Society, and the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews; £40 to the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission; £10 to Short's-gardens Mission, St. Giles-in-the-Fields; and legacies to late and present servants and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her sister, Mrs. Frances Whitlock, for life; then for her husband, the said Rev. George Stewart Whitlock, for life; and then for all the children of her said sister equally.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1871) of Mr. Robert Hunt West Drake, formerly of No. 25, Piccadilly, furrier, but late of No. 20, Trinity-place, Windsor, who died on Nov. 9 last, was proved on the 25th ult. by Robert Ingalt Drake, the son, and Miss Mary Elizabeth Drake and Miss Anne Elizabeth Drake, the daughters, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Drake; and all his furniture and effects, with the exception of a few articles (including three portraits presented to him by her Majesty) specifically bequeathed to his son, to his wife and daughters. All his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property, and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, she maintaining unmarried daughters living with her. At her death he gives £1000, upon trust, for each of his two daughters, for life; and as to the ultimate residue, one third, upon trust, for each of his said three children.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1884) of Mr. Thomas Samuel Fox, late of Beechwood, Farnborough, Kent, and of the Oak Brewery, Farnborough, brewer, who died on Oct. 4 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Mrs. Mary Rachel Fox, the widow, and Thomas Hamilton Fox and Walter St. John Fox, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths £300, and all the furniture, plate, books, pictures, wines, effects, horses and carriages at his residence, Beechwood, to his wife; Beechwood and £1200 per annum to her, for life; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Agnes Norton, and a further £3000 on the death of his wife; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Florence Rachel Fox, and a further sum of £5000 on the death of his wife. Subject to these dispositions he leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his said two sons.

The will of Mr. Horace Buss, late of Eastwell, Kent, farmer and grazier, who died on Dec. 2 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by David Thomas Smith, and Horace Tylden Buss and Henry Smith Buss, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Sarah Susannah Buss, for life, and then for his children. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for the maintenance and support of herself, and the maintenance, support, education, and bringing-up of his children, until his youngest child attains twenty-one; then £200 per annum is to be paid to his wife, and the ultimate residue is to go to all his children in equal shares.

The polling for the vacancy caused in the representation of South Donegal by the death of Mr. Bernard Kelly, was announced last week as follows:—Swift MacNeill (Nationalist), 4604; Munster, (Unionist), 933.

The Tower of London presented a scene of unusual activity and interest on the 3rd inst., at noon, in connection with the ceremony of the installation of Field Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, G.C.B., as Constable of the Tower and Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the Tower Hamlets, in place of the late Sir Richard Daecres. A few privileged persons assembled to witness the proceedings—amongst those present being the Lord Mayor (Sir Reginald Hanson), Lord Chelmsford, and Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Isaacs. The ceremony took place on Tower-green, which was lined with troops drawn from the Scots Guards and Horse Artillery, an inner cordon being formed by the Yeomen of the Guard.

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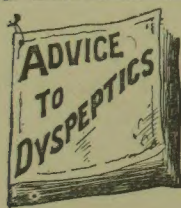
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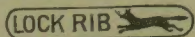
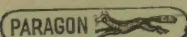
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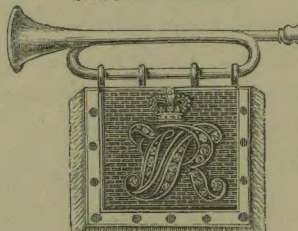
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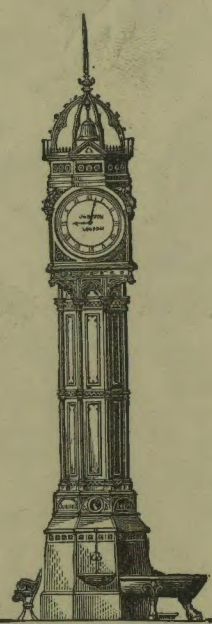
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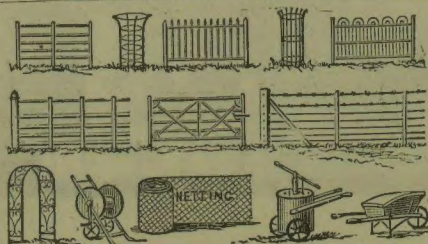
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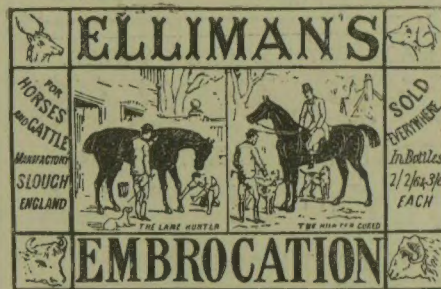
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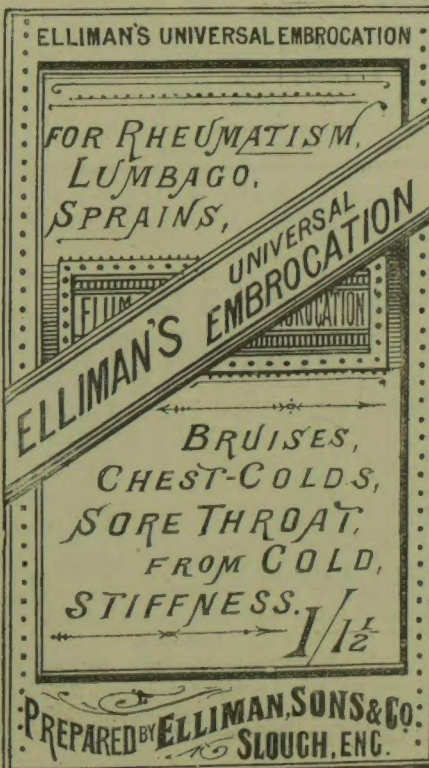


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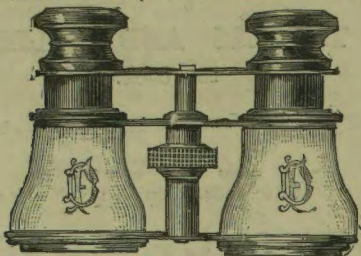
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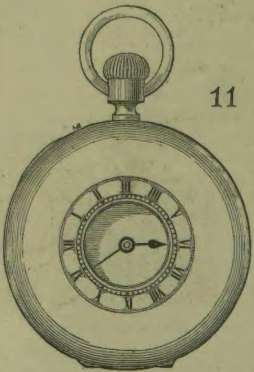
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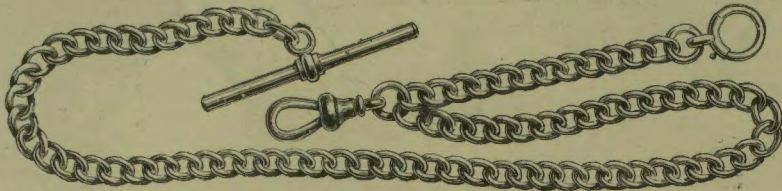
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